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Brooks
True story of U.S. Grant

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AT APPOMATTOX.

(*When General Grant entered the McLean house at Appomattox to receive the surrender of General Lee's army, his main wish was not to play the conqueror. His desire was to spare the feelings of his opponent, and he permitted no military display nor did he wear his own sword or demand that of General Lee.*)

[*See page 228*]

THE TRUE STORY OF

U. S. GRANT

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER

TOLD FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY

ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS

AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF OUR WAR WITH SPAIN," "THE AMERICAN SOLDIER," "THE AMERICAN SAILOR," "THE TRUE STORY OF THE UNITED STATES," "THE TRUE STORY OF COLUMBUS," "WASHINGTON," "LINCOLN," "FRANKLIN," "LAFAYETTE," AND MANY OTHERS

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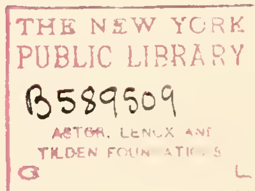

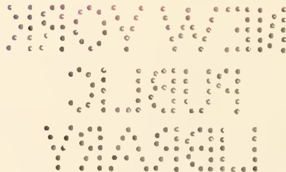

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PREFACE.

The life-story of every great American contains much that is startling, much that is marvellous, and much that is inspiring, as, looking back, we read it from its starting point.

The true story of America's greatest soldier, Ulysses S. Grant, is not lacking in the elements that give to the stories of Washington, Lincoln and Franklin the flavor of moral and romance.

The son of a western tanner became the leader of the world's mightiest armies; the Ohio school boy became the ruler of the greatest of modern republics; the modest and retiring gentleman became the victorious general; the broken and discouraged farmer and clerk became the foremost man of his day in all the world.

As an example of persistence, of determination and of will, of a clear head in emergencies and a great heart in victory, of modesty, patience, simplicity, strength and zeal, the record of the struggles and successes of U. S. Grant is a lesson to young and old alike, and his story is one most fitting to be included in this series of "Children's Lives of Great Men."

The words of the president of the republic, spoken above the brave general's last resting-place, in the grand mausoleum beside the Hudson, are eminently appropriate in this connection. They serve as the best possible preface to this life of the greatest American soldier.

"With Washington and Lincoln," said President McKinley, "Grant had an exalted place in history and the affections of the people. To-day his memory is held in equal esteem by those whom he led to victory and by those who accepted his generous terms of peace."

To which may be added this portrait of our great general from the same poet-patriot who said grand words of Washington and Lincoln — I mean James Russell Lowell:

> "He came grim, silent; saw and did the deed
> That was to do; in his master grip
> Our sword flashed joy; no skill of words could breed
> Such sure convictions as those close clamped lips;
> He slew our dragon, nor, so seemed it, knew
> He had done more than any simplest man might do."

E. S. B.

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THE TRUE STORY OF

ULYSSES S. GRANT

CHAPTER I.

WHY A HOUSE WAS PUT INTO A BOX.

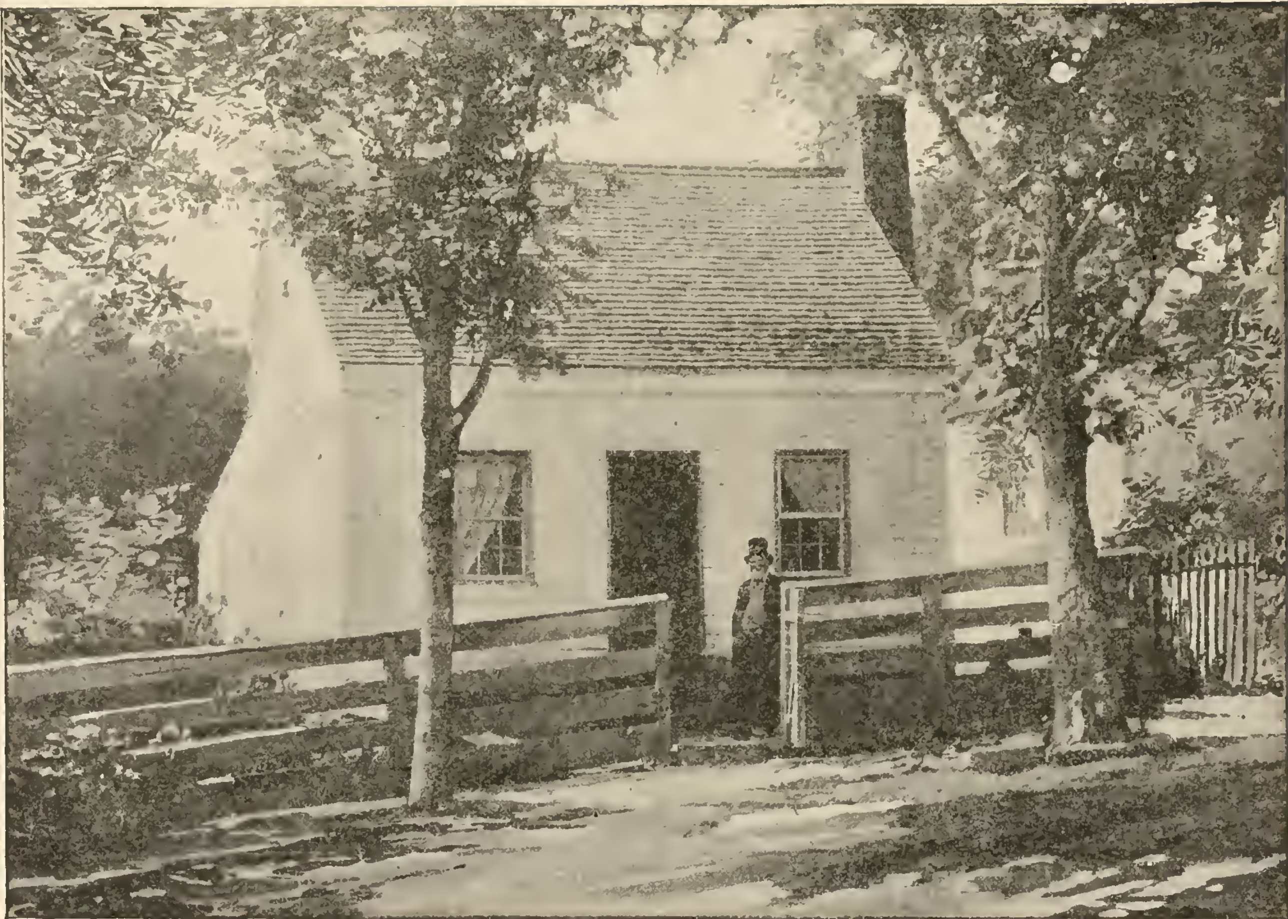
THIS is a story for the boys and girls of America. It is a true story. It is the story of an American. It is a story of adventure, of fighting and of glory. It is the story of the greatest soldier of the Republic — the story of Ulysses S. Grant.

I do not wish to tell you the story of this remarkable man simply because he fought and won great battles, nor because, for fully twenty years, he was the foremost man and the chief citizen of the United States of America, nor because I delight to write of war and bloodshed and victory. I do not. I abominate war. I hate bloodshed. I know that there are two sides to every victory. But the story of General Grant seems to me one that all the boys and girls of

America can take to heart. It is one that should help and strengthen and inspire them. For as they read in these pages, how, out of obscurity came honor, out of failure fame, out of hindrances perseverance, out of indifference patriotism, out of dullness genius, out of silence success, and, out of all these combined, a glorious renown, they may see, in this man's advance into greatness, a reason for their own doing their best — patiently, unhesitatingly, persistently. For it was thus that Grant rose to honor and renown; it was thus that the tanner's son of Georgetown became the general of the armies of the Republic, that the horse-boy of the Ohio farm became the President of the United States. Let me tell you his story.

In the year 1821 there stood on the banks of the Ohio river, in Clermont County in southwestern Ohio, twenty-five miles to the east of Cincinnati, a small frame house, with one story and an ell. It was the home of Jesse Root Grant and Hannah, his wife. Jesse Grant was a smart and industrious young tanner who had settled at this spot on the Ohio River. It was known as Point Pleasant. Here he had gone into the business of tanning hides into leather, being backed up with money by a man who wished to have his son learn the tanner's trade.

Point Pleasant was a little settlement of some fifteen or twenty families. It has not grown much in all these years; for, to-day it is a little village of but one hundred and



THE HOUSE IN WHICH GRANT WAS BORN.

At Point Pleasant, Ohio. From a photograph taken in 1880. The old gentleman at the gate was the doctor who "tended" Ulysses as a baby.

twenty-five people; but it is more famous than many larger and more pushing places just because it was the birthplace of a great American.

The house of Jesse Grant, the tanner, stood back from the broad river some three hundred feet. A small creek flowed past the door and tumbled into the Ohio river; back of the house rose a little hill; close at hand was the tanyard where the bark of trees, brought from the woodland near by, was ground into the reddish bark-dust called tan — the stuff that helps turn calf-skin and cowhide into leather.

Into this pleasant but simple little home beside the beautiful Ohio, on the twenty-seventh day of April in the year 1822, a baby boy was born. He was a strong, promising-looking little fellow and weighed just ten and three quarters pounds.

The young tanner and his wife were very proud of their first baby, of course, and did not think he should be named without talking over such an important matter with their folks. So, when the baby was about a month old, Jesse Grant hitched up his horse and wagon and took his wife and baby over to grandpa's, ten miles away.

There they held a family council over the baby's name. Everyone had a different name to propose, and it was finally decided to vote for a name by ballot.

So the father and mother, the grandfather and grandmother and the two aunts wrote, each on a slip of paper, the name he or she liked best; the slips were put into a hat,

and then one of the aunts drew out a slip. The name on the first slip drawn out was to be the baby's name. And the name drawn out was Ulysses.

Thus you see, almost the first thing that happened to this little Ohio baby was a decision by ballot. Do you suppose it was, what we call, prophetic? It may not have been, but don't you see, just forty-six years afterwards, almost to a day, the representatives of the American people met in convention and the first ballot they took declared that Ulysses S. Grant should be their candidate for President of the United States.

GRANT'S FIRST ELECTION-DAY.

So the baby was called Ulysses — and Ulysses, you know, was a great soldier of the old, old days. But this baby's grandfather so much liked the name he had written — it was Hiram — that the baby's father and mother said that should be a part of their boy's name, too. And Hiram, you know, was a very wise and brave ruler in Bible times. There again, you see, the baby's name was just a bit prophetic, for they gave him the names of a great soldier and a wise ruler; and as Hiram Ulysses Grant the baby was christened.

When this baby, however, grew to be a big boy and went away to school he lost the name of Hiram by a very funny mistake, of which I will tell you later. By this mistake the boy's name became Ulysses Simpson Grant, and thus it came to pass that, as U. S. Grant, this Ohio boy finally became great and famous.

The baby Ulysses did not live long in the little frame cottage beside the Ohio; for, when he was but ten months old, his father Jesse had a good chance to go into the tanning and leather business in a much larger place, and so the family moved away from the little village with its attractive name of Point Pleasant.

But the birthplace of a great man is always a notable spot, no matter how short a time it was his home. So, of course, that little frame house at Point Pleasant became quite a show place when the little baby who had been born there in 1822 became, forty years after, a very famous man.

The cottage stood for a long time on the banks of the great river; but, at last, in the year 1888, a river boatman named Captain Powers bought the old house and loaded it on a flat-boat and floated it up the river to Cincinnati. Then it was taken off the flat-boat and twenty-four horses were hitched to it and dragged it to the corner of Elm and Canal streets in the city of Cincinnati. There it was exhibited to thousands of visitors, as one of the great sights of the Ohio Centennial Exposition of 1888.

After a few months, the house was bought by a rich

Ohio man named Chittenden, who carried it off to Columbus, the capital of Ohio; he set it up on the State Fair Grounds and there it staid until the year 1896, when Mr. Chittenden presented the famous house to the State of Ohio and moved it to another part of the Fair Grounds. And there a

THE BIRTHPLACE OF U. S. GRANT.

memorial building was built around it, to protect and preserve the little cottage in which our greatest soldier first saw the light.

So, to-day, if you go to the beautiful city of Columbus in the State of Ohio, and ride out to the Fair Grounds you can see the birthplace of General Grant packed carefully

away for safe keeping in a great house-box of brick and glass and iron. This is called the Grant Memorial Building.

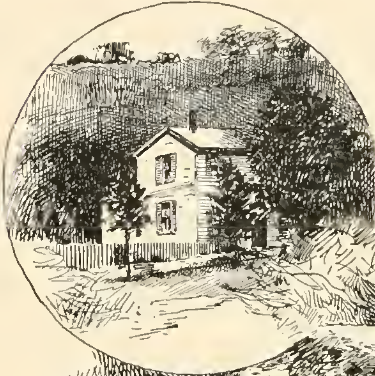
When you have read his story you will understand why the birthplace of General Grant is so interesting an object to all the world, and why it has been put into a box for people to look at; though it does seem a pity that the little old house could not have been kept on the very spot where it stood when, on the twenty-seventh of April, 1822, Ulysses Simpson Grant was ushered into the great world that was, in after years, to so respect and honor him.

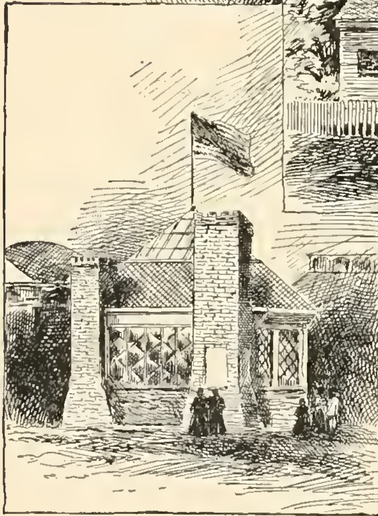
But the site of that great little house is still a notable spot even though the house itself has been carted away, and, even as I write, the Congress of the United States is considering a plan to buy all the land round about the spot where Grant was born and to lay it out and beautify it into a National Park, thus preserving for the people of the United States the place where General Grant was born.

As I have told you, the baby Ulysses, when he was ten months old, moved away from Point Pleasant. His father set up a tannery at Georgetown in Brown County, ten miles back from the Ohio River, twenty miles east of Point Pleasant, and almost fifty miles from Cincinnati.

I think you will be able to find the town on any good map of Ohio, for it is quite a place now. It is a town of fifteen hundred people, quite a city you see in comparison to the little hamlet of Point Pleasant where the great American soldier was born.

Here, at Georgetown, Ulysses lived as a boy until he was seventeen years old. His father made quite a success of his tannery and leather business and became very well-known in his own neighborhood. Jesse Grant, the father of Ulysses, was never what we call a rich man, but he was a prosperous one. He was always, as General Grant himself tells us, in what is called "comfortable circumstances." Indeed, soon after he moved to Georgetown he built a neat and convenient, small brick house and, in addition to his tannery, had a good-sized and productive farm.





1—WHERE THE UNITED STATES WILL MAKE A PARK. 2—THE BIRTHPLACE AS IT LOOKS TO-DAY. 3—THE MEMORIAL BUILDING IN WHICH THE BIRTHPLACE STANDS.

That brick house is still standing on one of Georgetown's streets, and though it has been changed a little in appearance, any boy or girl who visits the busy little Ohio town can see the places that were familiar to

young Ulysses in and about the house where his boyhood was spent.

They will still show you the family sitting-room with its big fire-place and its old-fashioned mantel, the front hall and the odd-looking staircase — just the same to-day as when Ulysses climbed sleepily up to bed — the little hall bedroom which was "Ulysses' room," the old building in which he learned, much against his will, his father's trade of a tanner, the tumble-down building where he first went to school, and, just back of the tanyard, the "Town Run," a little brook along which lay the favorite play-ground of the Grant boys. A mile out of town you could find that deep still spot in White Oak Creek familiar to generations of Georgetown boys as their "swimming hole" — and where, no doubt, Ulysses often "stumped" his companions with many a difficult or fancy water-act, for the boy was an excellent swimmer.

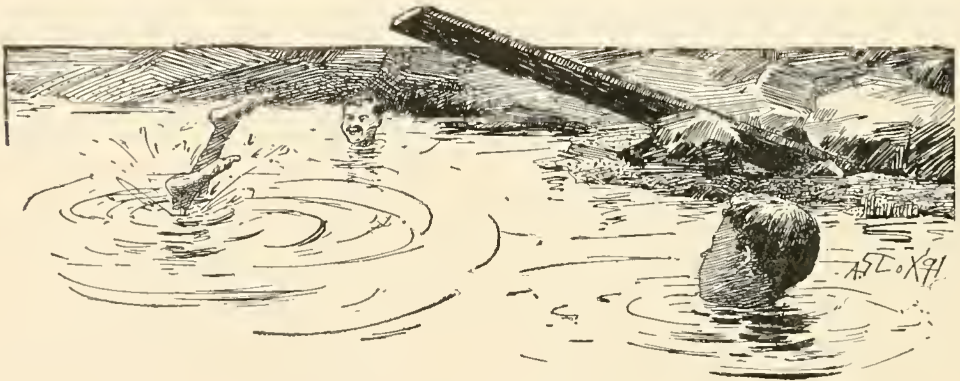
Young Ulysses Grant never took kindly to the trade of a tanner. He liked the farm best, especially the horses. Before he was six years old he could ride horseback or hold the reins as well as many an older boy, in town or country. Before he was ten years old his father took him to a circus and let him ride a pony around the ring, and as he grew through boyhood he became famous, in all the Georgetown region, as the best horseman and horse-trainer thereabouts. Indeed, he loved horses all his life, and he owned some very fast and beautiful ones when he became a man.

It was because he liked horses and farm-life so much

that his father did not make him do much work about the tannery, but, instead, let him do about as he pleased on the farm out of school hours.

For Jesse Grant believed in boys going to school. He himself, had not had many such advantages, but he determined that his boys should have just as good an education as he could get for them in the farming section in which they lived.

From all I can hear I don't think the boy Ulysses really



"STUMPING" AT THE SWIMMING HOLE.

enjoyed going to school, much better than any healthy active boy who is fond of out-door life. But all such boys are very glad in later years that their fathers or mothers insisted on their going to school regularly, and we are assured by General Grant that from the time he was old enough to go to school to the year that he left home he never missed a quarter from school. This was quite different from that other great American, Abraham Lincoln, was

it not? For he, you know, never got more than a year's schooling in all his wonderful life.

A boy who does go to school, however, isn't much of a boy if he cannot find some time to play. So you may be sure that "Lyss Grant," as the Georgetown boys called him, made the most of his spare time.

He tells us himself, in his sketch of his boyhood, that he had as many privileges as any boy in the village and probably more than most of them.

Chief among these privileges was permission to go anywhere or do anything allowable in a boy, after his "chores" were done. And this meant all sorts of boyish sports — fishing, hunting, swimming, skating, horseback riding, doing "stunts" at jumping and wrestling in the tanyard along the Town Run and in the "Swimming Hole," and all the other jolly out-door and in-door good times that belong to the village boy even more than to the country or city boy.

But it was by no means a case of all play and no work to this moderate, easy-going but fun-loving village boy. He tells us that when he was a boy everyone worked in his region — "except the very poor;" and Jesse Grant, while allowing his boys all possible liberty, gave them also plenty of work to do.

Ulysses, as we know, hated the tannery work. But he loved farm-life; so his father set him at work, after school hours or in vacation time, "doing chores" on the farm.

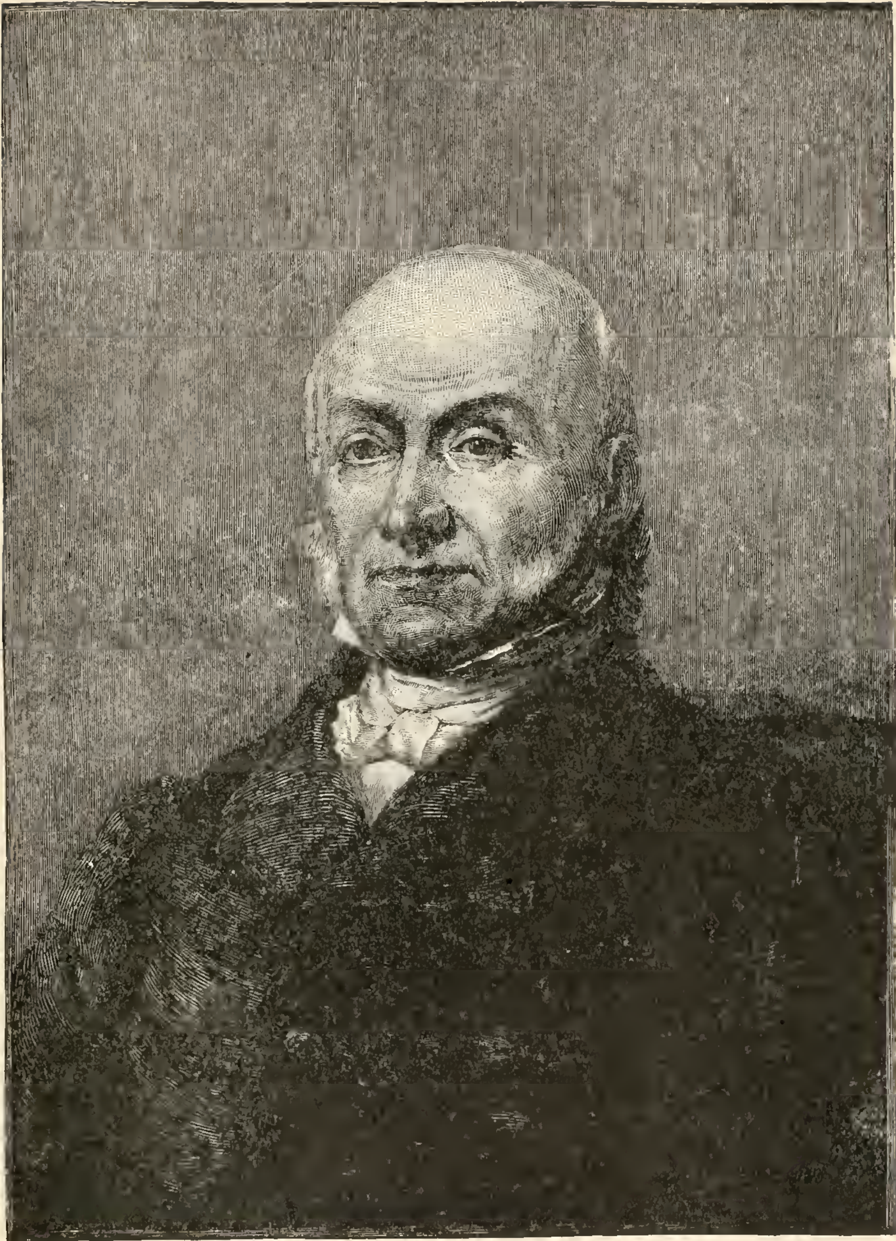
While yet a little fellow the boy would drive the horses

hauling cord-wood or logs from the wood-lot to the farm. At eleven, he could hold a plough and turn a furrow almost as well as a man, and until he was seventeen he did all the "horse-work" on the farm — breaking up the land, furrowing, ploughing, bringing in the loads of hay and grain, hauling the wood and taking care of the live stock.

He confesses to us, in the story of his life, that he did not like to work; but he says that, like it or not, he did do as much work when he was a boy, as any hired man will do to-day — and attended school besides.

And yet, as I have told you, he managed to find time to play. The home rule was never severe. He was never punished, and rarely scolded by his parents; so he must have been a pretty good boy, mustn't he? He tells us that they never objected to his enjoying himself when he could, for they let him go fishing, or swimming, or skating; they even allowed him to take the horses and go away on a visit with one of his boy friends.

Once, he went off in this way to Cincinnati, fifty miles away; another time, he took a carriage trip to Louisville, with his father — a big journey for a boy in those days. Once he went, with a two-horse carriage, a seventy-mile ride to Chillicothe, and again, with a boy of his own age, on the same kind of a seventy-mile ride to Flat Rock in Kentucky, to visit a friend. What a good time those two fifteen-year-old boys must have had on that trip! And you may be sure, Ulysses did the driving.



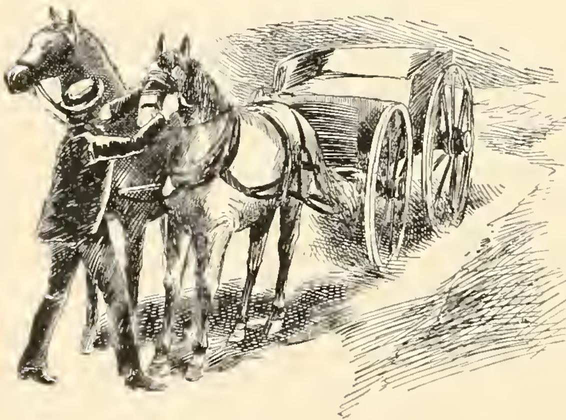
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.
President of the United States when Grant was a boy.

But he had a tussle driving home. Let me tell you about it. He saw a horse he liked, and he "swapped off" one of his carriage horses for it, getting ten dollars to boot. But the new horse had never been driven in harness, and the two boys had a fearful time getting an unbroken, balky, kicking, nervous horse to go in a span. In fact, the boy who was with Ulysses got frightened and after one very risky runaway adventure with the new horse, he deserted and went home in a freight wagon. But Ulysses was bound to get that new horse home and would not give in to its pranks. At one time it really looked as if he would have to give up the job; but, as a last resort, he got out of the carriage, blindfolded the balky colt with his big red bandanna handkerchief, and so drove the funny-looking team to an uncle's, not far from his home.

It was such things as this in the boy that worked out into equally pronounced qualities in the man. Ulysses S. Grant had, as boy and man, determination, grit, tenacity — what you boys call "stick-to-it-iveness" or "sand." When he really set out to do a thing he did it — whether it were to drive home a skittish colt or fight a great war to the finish.

Would you like to know what sort of looking boy "Lyss Grant" was in his early teens? He was a short, sturdy little fellow, with a careless way of walking, and inclined to be round-shouldered. He was a freckle-faced, "sober-sided" lad, with straight sandy hair and blue eyes, who

got out of things when he could, but did them uncomplainingly if he felt it to be his duty. He was quiet, no bragger, just a bit shy, but when roused to action he was quick and determined. He was generally the successful leader in the snow-ball fights, no one in the county could outride him, and though never quarrelsome he was no coward. Above all else, like Washington and Lincoln, he hated a lie, and his word could always be depended upon.



BLINDFOLDING THE BALKY COLT.

One other trait he had that helped make his success later in life. I have told you that he was persistent and stuck to anything he had made up his mind to do. He was also a planner. If he had a hard piece of work in hand, he did not just go at it thoughtlessly; he sat down and planned it out.

They still tell the story in Georgetown of the "cute" way in which the twelve-year-old Ulysses beat the men of the town on a peculiar job of stone-lifting. It seems that while a new building was going up in the town, the boy "Lyss," as everyone called him, drove the ox-team that hauled the stone for the foundation from White Oak Creek. One big stone was selected for the doorstep, but after the

men had tugged away at it for hours they concluded it was too big to lift and that they must give it up.

"Here, let me try it," said Ulysses; "if you'll help me, I'll load it."

They all laughed at him, but promised to give him a lift. Then the boy asked the men to prop up one end of the stone. They did so, and "chocked" it. Then Ulysses backed

"SO HE WENT ALONG THROUGH A HAPPY BOYHOOD."

the wagon over the stone, slung it underneath the wagon by chains, hoisted up the other end of the stone the same way and then hauled it in triumph into town.

And to-day, if you are in Georgetown, they will show you in front of that same building, now an engine house, the very stone, picked out as a doorstep and now set in the side-

walk, which the twelve-year-old Ulysses engineered out of White Oak Creek and hauled into town.

They tell much the same story of the boy and his big black horse, Dave, and how he loaded up and hauled off a load of great logs, cut out for building beams. This time, he was quite alone in the woods; but with a fallen tree-trunk as a lever and slide, and with the help of Dave and a strong rope, he lifted the heavy logs to the truck and brought them home in triumph, much to the surprise of his father.

This, you see, was planning to some advantage; but it was this same patience and invention that helped him to win victories later, and that men then called strategy.

So he went along, through a pleasant, happy boyhood, full of its trials and its crosses, no doubt — even the best-reared boy has these, and they help to make a man of him — but learning gradually those lessons of integrity, honesty, patience, self-dependance and self-help, which served him so well in the worries and disappointments, the failures and disasters, the endeavors and successes that made up the history of this later leader of men.

CHAPTER II.

ULYSSES FACES THE MUSIC.

THERE was nothing really remarkable about the boyhood of Grant. That you have found out already. But then, not many boys do have remarkable boyhoods or do great things at a time when their chief business should be growing and learning. The world's historic boys are few and far between; but it is from the sturdy, active, healthy, hearty, wide-awake, honest, honorable and commonplace boys that the world's best men have been made.

Young Ulysses Grant was just one of these healthy, commonplace boys. He did well whatever he deliberately set out to do, and he could ride and drive a horse better than any other boy in all that country round.

In fact, the most of his own business enterprises while he was a boy — all boys do have certain business enterprises in which they engage, you know, with more or less success — were connected with horses. He did not like to be called a horse-jockey, for horse-jockies in those days were not considered altogether respectable; but he did dearly love a horse-trade, and he was generally so bright and shrewd at this business as to get the best of the bargain.

To be sure, one of his earliest attempts at horse-trading

was not a brilliant success — though he did get the horse he wanted! It seems, when he was about ten years old he fell quite in love with a certain colt that belonged to a farmer near by. He begged his father to buy the colt, and at last Jesse Grant commissioned the boy to see the farmer and make the bargain.

"Offer him twenty dollars for the colt, Ulysses," he said; "if he won't take that, try him with twenty-two and a half, and if he won't take that, offer him twenty-five. But you mustn't go over twenty-five dollars. It's all the colt's worth."

So Ulysses, proud of his mission, went to the farmer.

"What did your father say you might pay?" asked the farmer, and Ulysses, truthful always, and recalling his father's instructions replied, "He told me to offer you twenty dollars, and if that wouldn't do, twenty-two fifty, and if that wasn't enough, twenty-five; but not a cent more."

"Well, now, that's jest the very lowest I can sell the critter for, Lyss," the farmer declared. "You can have the colt for twenty five dollars, but not a cent less."

Ulysses drove the colt home, delighted with his business ability. But, as his father questioned him, the truth came out, and it was very long before the poor boy heard the last of the "good joke on Lyss Grant," as the boys called it.

But that first attempt at a horse trade, as the saying is, "cut the boy's eye-teeth." That is, he learned wisdom by experience, and after that he became one of the best judges

of horses and prices in the neighborhood, so that his father let him do about as he pleased in horse trades, for he knew he could rely on the boy's judgment.

In this business, and by doing "odd jobs" of hauling and trucking, Ulysses made quite a bit of money for a boy

"THAT'S JEST THE VERY LOWEST I CAN SELL THE CRITTER FOR, LYSS," SAID THE FARMER.

of those days, and, in all this, he won no little reputation as a business boy.

I don't imagine he had a very clear idea as to what he wished to do when he became a man. Not many boys really do know what they desire or are fitted for, until they learn by experience, in what direction their tastes lie. One thing, however, Ulysses did feel certain about. He did not

mean to be a tanner, if he could help it. He was like many another boy, you see, who, though he does not exactly know what he wishes to do, is quite sure that he doesn't intend following his father's line of business. And that decision has led to many a mistake and many a failure in the career of men — though not always.

I have told you that Ulysses was kept pretty steadily at school from the day when he was old enough to learn his A B C's. That old Georgetown schoolhouse, as I have said, is standing to-day, though it is quite dilapidated. But there the boy went from his primer to the three R's — "'readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic," for so folks used to call them. Sometimes a man was his teacher, sometimes a woman, and while as he says they could none of them teach much nor very well, still that country "school marm" of his boyhood days, laid the foundation of an education that led finally to the production of one of the world's remarkable books.

Twice, during his boyhood at Georgetown, Ulysses was sent away to school in the hope of getting a better education than the village school of Georgetown afforded. Once he went to Maysville in Kentucky, and, after that, to a private school at Ripley in Ohio. But he was never much of a student; indeed, as he assures us, he did not take kindly to any of his books or studies, except his arithmetic. And I shouldn't be surprised if he helped wear out the bunches of switches that were gathered very often, from a beech-wood near the schoolhouse, for the teacher's use and the children's correc-

THE "COUNTRY SCHOOLMARM" OF GRANT'S BOYHOOD DAYS.

tion. Those were the days of hard whippings at school, you know — when Grant was a boy.

It was while at home for his Christmas vacation, from his school at Ripley, that Ulysses had a great surprise.

"Ulysses," said his father, one day, as he finished reading a letter he had just received, "I believe you're going to get that appointment."

"What appointment?" the boy inquired in surprise.

"Why, to West Point," replied his father. "I applied to Senator Morris for one, and I reckon you'll get it."

"To West Point," repeated Ulysses, still a bit dazed by the news, "why, I don't want to go there."

"But I want you to," his father said. "I reckon you'll go if I say so."

"Well, if you say so, I suppose I'll have to go," said the boy slowly. "But I don't want to — I know that."

The appointment did come in good time, through Mr. Hamer, the congressman from that section, and much to the surprise of the neighbors. For to their minds, young Ulysses Grant seemed the last boy in the world to go to West Point. Four boys had already gone to the famous Military Academy from that village of Georgetown, but then "they were smart," folks said, and only a smart boy could pass the examination for entrance. "Slow little chap, Lyss is," said one of the townsfolk, "might just as well send this little fellow of yours, squire, as that boy of Jesse Grant's." The Georgetown people all supposed that going to West Point

depended on influence or ability, and they never imagined that Jesse Grant had enough of the first, or Ulysses enough of the second. You know the old Bible saying, don't you:

"MIGHT JUST AS WELL SEND THIS LITTLE FELLOW OF YOURS, SQUIRE."

A prophet is not without honor save in his own country and among his own kin.

To tell the truth, Ulysses rather shared the opinion of the Georgetown gossips; but when the documents came, he knew he must "face the music," as he declared, and try to pass those dreaded examinations — the bane and bugbear of every boy and girl who goes to school.

But Jesse Grant was determined that his boy should go to West Point, and when the appointment did come he put Ulysses in charge of a special tutor who "coached" the slow scholar so well that his teacher felt that the boy would pass the examination, if he did not get "rattled," as the saying is to-day.

As the day of departure approached, Ulysses found himself looking forward to this journey to the East, even though he knew that the dreaded examination came at the end of the trip. This western boy, of course, longed to see the world, as all boys do, and a trip to New York was something to talk about in those days.

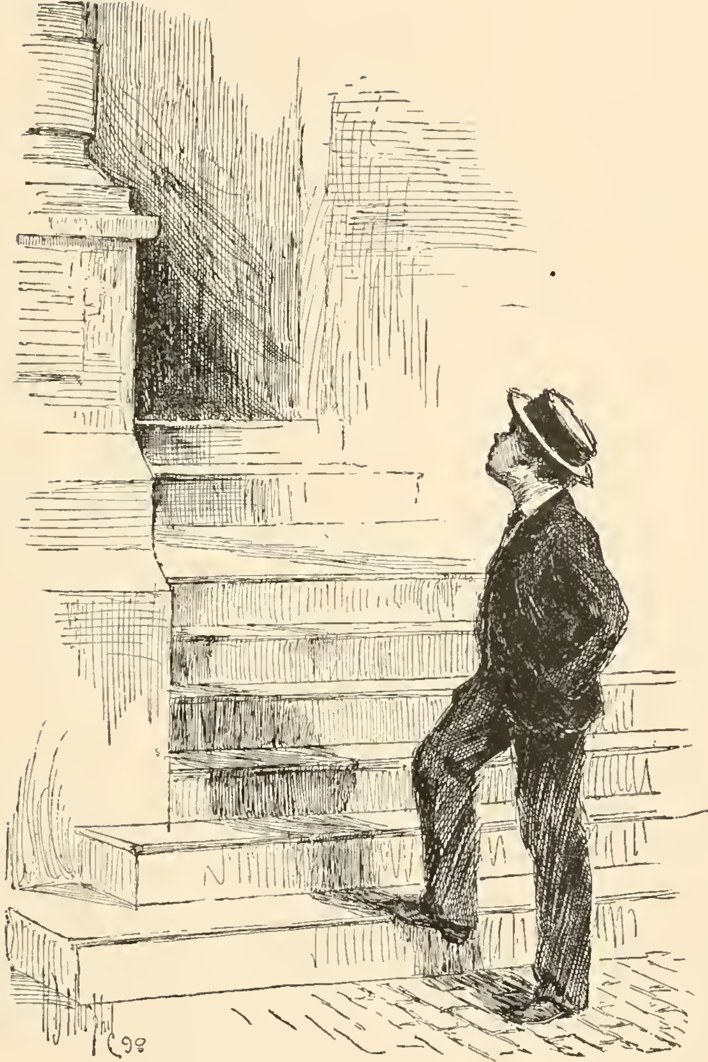
Ulysses thought he was quite a traveller. He had been east as far as Wheeling in Virginia; he had been into northern Ohio; he had, as you know, visited Cincinnati and Louisville and esteemed himself, as he says "the best travelled boy in Georgetown." But this trip to West Point was indeed a journey. It was almost as much to the Ohio boy of sixty years ago as a trip to Europe or around the world is to the American boy of to-day. It meant to him, the chance of seeing and inspecting the two great eastern cities, Philadelphia and New York. That was enough. To have that chance he would willingly risk the examinations that were sure to come; but he tells us frankly in his "Memoirs" that he was in no hurry to reach West Point and, boy-like, would not have minded a steamboat explosion or a railroad collision or any other accident of travel, if it would

only hurt him just enough to keep him from going into West Point. Boys are all alike, aren't they? I remember when I used to wish I could have some pleasant little happening on examination days — a stroke of harmless paralysis, or a temporary loss of speech, just long enough to excuse me from that most dreaded school ordeal. But to Ulysses Grant, as to all other boys and girls in a similar situation, "nothing of the kind," he tells us, "occurred, and I had to face the music."

At last the time came, and on the fifteenth of May, 1839, with a new outfit of clothes and over a hundred dollars in his pocket, the seventeen-year-old Ulysses bade "his folks" good-bye and started for Ripley, the river town ten miles away, where he was to take the steamer for Pittsburg.

Of course he enjoyed the journey. Every boy likes to see the sights, even if he must face the music at the end of the journey. But you may be sure he was in no hurry to get to the music. He took things leisurely. Railroads in that day were few and far between, and, to reach West Point, Ulysses "changed off," on steamboat, canal boat and railroad. He was fifteen days making the trip. To-day it can be made in almost as many hours.

The canal boat on which he journeyed from Pittsburg to Harrisburg had to be hauled over the Alleghany mountains; this was interesting, but the boy thought the railway ride from Harrisburg to Philadelphia about the finest, smoothest, fastest going he had ever made.



ULYSSES SEES THE SIGHTS.

"Why," he wrote home, "at full speed our train made as much as eighteen miles an hour! Think of that!"

And to-day the Empire State Express easily makes, at full speed, sixty miles an hour!

Ulysses paid a five days' visit to his relations in Philadelphia — and was called to account by letters from home for dallying so long by the way, when he should be at West Point. But he "did" Philadelphia pretty thoroughly and managed to see a good deal of New York — though there was not as much of that great city to see then as there is to-day.

At last he sailed up the river to West Point. On the thirty-first of May he saw the quaint old buildings on the heights, climbed the long road from the steamboat dock, known to so many visitors, reported at the barracks as an applicant for admission and then — faced the music and took the examinations for entrance.

This was the time when his name was changed. You see, when his application was put in, the Congressman who filled out the papers forgot Ulysses Grant's full name. He mixed him up with his younger brother, Simpson, and thinking that Simpson was Ulysses's middle name, he filled in the application for Ulysses Simpson Grant instead of Hiram Ulysses Grant.

Now, when a thing gets down in black and white on the books of the government, it takes almost an Act of Congress to get it off. Ulysses was very much "put out" when his

papers came to him with the wrong name, for no one likes to have a mistake made in his name, you know; although "they do say" that young Ulysses always did object to his initials, H–U–G. The boys used to make fun of them, you see. Nevertheless, as soon as he reported at West Point, he tried to convince the authorities that he was not U. S. Grant, but H. U. Grant.

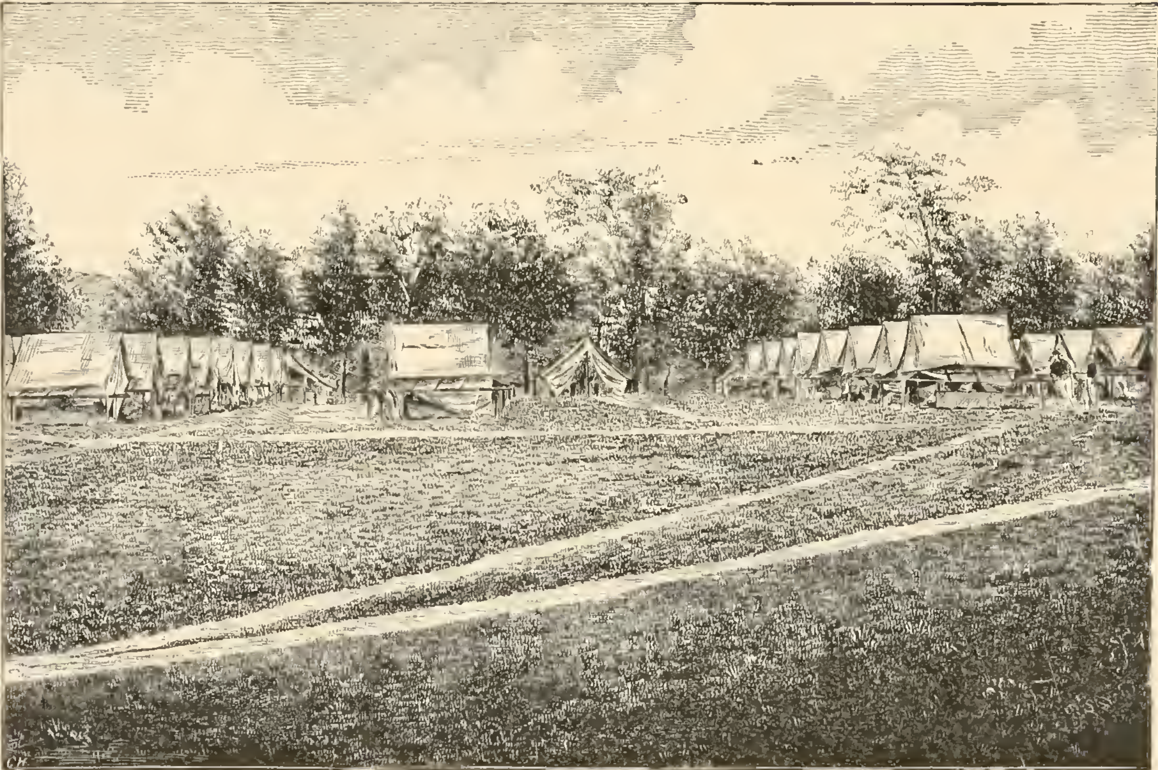
It was no use, however. The boy's name was down on the appointment as Ulysses Simpson Grant; it was so on the books of the Academy. It would make a great fuss to get it changed and rather than bother about it he let it go. So it came to pass that he was U. S. Grant forever.

The "U. S." made so suggestive a pair of initials that, at once, the West Point boys caught them up as the Georgetown boys had his other initials. They nicknamed the new boy "Uncle Sam;" and as "Sam Grant" he was known all through his cadet days.

Very much to his surprise, so he assures us, Ulysses passed his examination — and, "without difficulty!" He was now a West Point cadet.

That sounds all very fine to you, I suppose. There has always been something attractive to American boys and girls about West Point cadets. But young Ulysses did not think it fine, although of course he was glad to get through his "exams" all right.

You see, he did not like the idea of being a soldier. He did not like the discipline nor the hard work. And as he



IN CAMP AT WEST POINT

had not, at that time, the least idea that he would ever be in the army, he did not like anything about the place, at first — not even the camping out, which he thought very tiresome and stupid.

Indeed, during that first winter at West Point, when Congress met, Ulysses used to run for the newspaper and read the debates in Congress, eagerly. The reason was this. There were in those days, many people who did not believe at all in a school for the training of soldiers, like West Point, even though George Washington had founded it. They wished to do away with the Academy altogether and that very year of 1839, a bill was really introduced into Congress proposing to "abolish the Military Academy at West Point." It was the talk, or debate, on this matter that so interested Ulysses Grant, for, so he tells us, he hoped to hear that the school had been abolished, so that he could go home again. But, fortunately, the bill did not pass. West Point remained and Grant was trained into a soldier.

So far as his lessons were concerned, I am afraid this training did not occupy any more of his time than just enough to let him squeeze through the school. This was not because he was a slow or stupid scholar. He was not. He hardly ever needed to read a lesson through the second time, but trusted to luck to come off without a failure. His son tells us that his low standing at school was due to the West Point library. There was a good one there and this boy had come from a place where books were scarce. So

he used the library at the Academy for story books and not for works on tactics or his other studies. They were pretty good story books however; for he read, while there, Scott and Irving and Marryatt and Cooper and Lever — authors dear to the boys of sixty years ago. He often told his son that that library at West Point was like a new world to him.

But, you see, at West Point, mathematics were the great thing, and Ulysses Grant had a good head for figures. So, as he got along easily with that tough study, it did not make so much difference about the others.

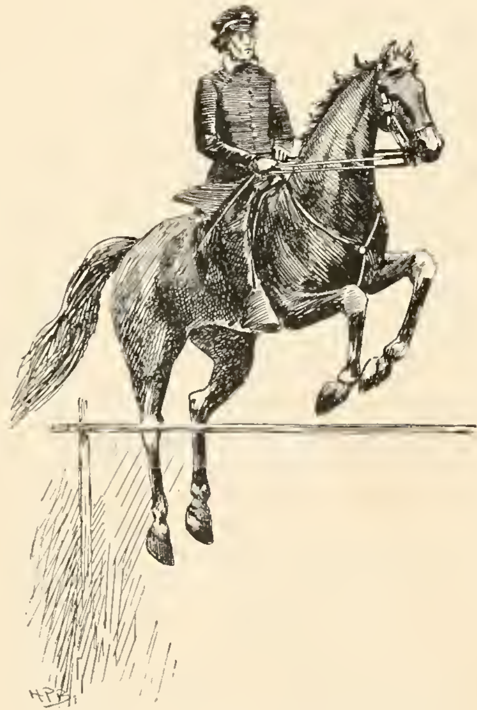
He did not tell us in his Memoirs just where he stood in his class, but he does say that if the class had been turned the other end foremost he should have been near the head. So it is not so hard to tell just about where he stood, is it?

His lowest marks seem to have been in French; his highest were in cavalry tactics. That is where his boyish training as a horseman came in, you see. His fame as a splendid horseman even yet exists at West Point. There was nothing he could not ride, and his famous high jump on the big sorrel "York" over a bar six feet from the ground, is still marked and shown at West Point as "Grant's upon York."

Would you like to know what sort of a looking boy was Cadet Grant? He was a plump, fair-faced, almost undersized little fellow — in fact, he came just within the West Point entrance limit of five feet; he was quiet in manner, careless in dress, able to take care of himself, giving and tak-

ing jokes good-naturedly; determined, if he undertook anything that he really wished to do; a bit lazy, perhaps; never fond of study, but never stupid; slow to take offense, but ready to fight back when cornered or imposed upon.

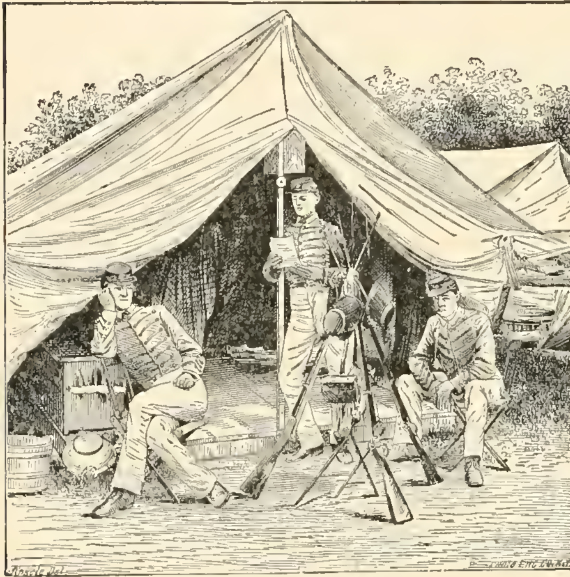
"It is a long time ago," writes one of his West Point associates, "but when I recall old scenes, I can still see 'Sam' Grant, with his overalls strapped down to his boots, standing in front of his quarters. It seems but yesterday since I saw the little fellow going to the riding-hall, with his spurs clanking on the ground and his great cavalry sword dangling by his side."



CADET GRANT'S FAMOUS HORSEBACK LEAP.

There was nothing about his West Point life out of the common. He was just an ordinary, every-day cadet, going through the training that taught him obedience, attention, order, health, good manners and simple living. It is a hard life for some boys, with its routine work, its strict rules, its absolute obedience to orders, and all the worries and trials that make school-life by rule hard to bear; but Ulysses got

over his first dislike to it, and, after awhile, was glad that Congress had not "abolished" West Point. He thought that by the time he got through there he might teach mathematics in some school or college. The one thing he was certain about was that he would not be a soldier!



CADET LIFE OUT-OF-DOORS.

So his four years at West Point went on — broken only by one vacation, when he had been two years at the school. Except for his famous horseback leap of six feet, three inches — that was on his last examination day, by the way, and in the presence of the high dignitaries called the "Board of Directors" — he left no reputation at the Academy, either for high scholarship or great pranks — nothing, in fact, to make a boy remember him after he had left the school, or to put him at the head of his mates.

Certainly he was not at the head of his class. He graduated on the thirteenth of June, 1843, number twenty-one in a class of thirty-nine — just about half way, you see.

He left West Point thinking pretty well of himself, as most cadets — in fact as most college boys do. But there is no harm in that, you know. I wouldn't give much for a boy who didn't have a pretty fair opinion of himself. It helps a fellow on, in a way. So Ulysses thought himself "the observed of all observers," as he went on his homeward journey.

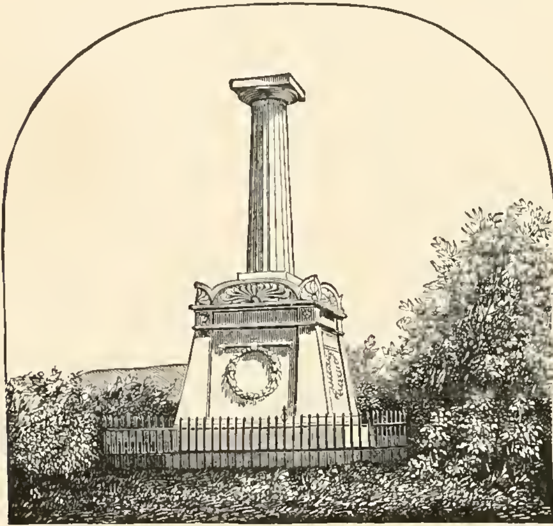
He considered that the two greatest men in America were General Scott, the head of the army, and Captain Smith, the commandant of cadets at West Point. And though he did not intend to be an army officer, still he did have a dream of some day reviewing the cadets just as General Scott had done — to his mind, at that time, the highest honor in the world. But, as he tells us, he remembered that horse-trade of his when he was a boy, and so for fear the boys would make fun of him, he kept quiet about his ever being like General Scott.

While Ulysses was at West Point, his father had removed his tannery and leather business to a little place called Bethel, about twelve miles away, in Clarmont County. Here the Grant family lived; here Ulysses had spent the one vacation granted him when at West Point, and here he went after graduation — brevet second lieutenant Ulysses Simpson Grant, Fourth U. S. Infantry.

"The "brevet" meant that he wasn't really a second lieutenant yet, but he would be soon — if he was a good boy and joined his regiment.

When his new uniform came out to him he felt very big. This was natural enough. We all feel fine in new clothes, and there is always a fascination to boys about "soldier clothes" — especially if they have been fairly earned, as his had been.

But you know the old saying that "pride goeth before a a fall." Our young brevet second lieutenant soon had proof of this.



KOSCIUSKO'S MONUMENT AT WEST POINT.

When his fine "soldier clothes" came home he put them on and rode away on horseback to Cincinnati, to "show off." He was riding along one of the city streets, thinking, he says, that everyone was looking at him and feeling himself to be quite as big a man as General Scott, when a ragged, dirty, barefooted little street boy — what we call a "mucker" hereabouts — called out shrilly:

"Yah, soldier! Will you work? You bet he won't. He'd sell his shirt first."

Then everybody laughed. Well! You can imagine what a terrible shock this was to the spruce and dignified brevet

second lieutenant. But when, soon after, he was home again at Bethel, he had just such another shock.

At the old stage tavern across the way, from Grant's home worked a drunken wag of a stableman. When the trim-looking soldier boy had been home a few days, what should this stableman do but come into the street rigged out in a pair of sky-blue nankeen pantaloons with a white stripe along the seams. This was just the color of Ulysses's fine military trousers. Barefooted and bareheaded, but making the most of the sky-blue pantaloons, the stableman paraded up and down the street before the Grant house, with an absurdly dignified military walk, imitating the brevet second lieutenant of infantry.

Of course it set every one to laughing, and of course it annoyed Ulysses dreadfully. Indeed, as he says, it quite "knocked the conceit" out of him, and it gave him a dislike for military bluster and military uniforms that he never got over in all his life.

Thus the schooling at West Point came to an end. It had done much for this homespun, awkward country boy from the Ohio valley. It had developed his qualities of manliness, persistence and endurance; it had disciplined and trained him into habits of obedience and had securely laid the foundation of that military knowledge and leadership which, thirty years later, was to do such mighty service to the republic which had educated and developed him.

CHAPTER III.

HOW THE LIEUTENANT MARCHED OVER THE BORDER.

WE look at things quite differently when we are boys or girls and when we are men or women. Sometimes, however, opinions do not change. This seems to have been Grant's case as to the justice of the war with Mexico.

Forty years after that war, General Grant wrote in his "Memoirs" that he regarded it as one of the most unjust ever waged by a stronger against a weaker nation.

He tells us, in the same sentence, that as a young soldier he was bitterly opposed to it; but, you know, the first duty a soldier must learn is obedience; and, being a soldier in the United States army, owing to the republic his education and his training, Lieutenant Grant felt that obedience to orders was his supreme duty and, even against his will, he marched to the southeast with the troops that were first known as the Army of Occupation and, later, as the Army of Invasion.

I do not propose to tell you here the story of the Mexican War, which was fought in the years 1846 to 1848. That story you can read in history, and I hope in time that you will read enough about it to decide for yourself that it was an unjust and a tyrannical war — just the same kind of a fight as when a big bully of a boy doesn't "take one of his

size," but "pitches into" a little fellow who couldn't possibly stand up against him.

From one side, the war with Mexico is nothing to be proud of; but from another it is full of spirit and interest. I shall simply tell you here of Grant's connection with it, and how it helped to make him and other officers brave soldiers, fitting them for the great and terrible war that came thirteen years later, largely because of this war against Mexico.

When Ulysses Grant graduated from the Military Academy at West Point in 1843, the regular army of the United States was a small affair. It had only 7500 men in all, and there were more than enough officers to go around.

But the young lieutenant was given a place in the Fourth regiment of the United States Infantry and, after ninety days furlough or vacation, was ordered to report at an army post at the Mississippi river six or seven miles below St. Louis.

This army post was called Jefferson Barracks and was then one of the largest in the country, being garrisoned by sixteen companies of infantry, or foot soldiers.

Grant had wished to belong to a cavalry regiment, as was natural in so fine a horseman; but when his turn to choose came, there were no places left in either an artillery or a cavalry regiment. So it was, for him, what we call "Hobson's choice," and he became a lieutenant of infantry.

Jefferson Barracks is a very pleasant place. It is still a

military post, you know, finely situated at the great river. Lieutenant Grant had a good deal of spare time there and he spent a part of this in visiting the home of one of his West Point classmates not far off. This farm was called Whitehaven, and was about five miles from Jefferson Barracks. There he fell in love with the girl who afterwards became his devoted wife. She was the sister of his classmate and her name was Julia Dent.

At that time young Lieutenant Grant had some idea of becoming a teacher of mathematics either at West Point or some other good school. He even wrote to his former professor at West Point to look out for some such chance for him. But, before the opening could be found, the United States and Mexico got into trouble; the little regular army was ordered into Texas; the President declared war against the republic of Mexico; volunteers were called for, because there were not enough regular troops; the Mexicans at Matamoras were angry because the Americans were building a fort opposite their town; they fired the first shot; that opened the war; and so it came to pass that, with his little American army of three thousand men, General Zachary Taylor, whom people called "Old Rough and Ready," invaded Mexico, and young Second Lieutenant Ulysses S. Grant marched over the border and engaged in actual war.

The first taste of real war that he had, was in the little skirmish known as the Battle of Palo Alto — that is, the battle of the high trees — or woods.

When, a little before the battle, the young lieutenant heard the first guns of conflict, he did not like the prospect before him. He wrote about this years afterwards, that he didn't know how General Taylor felt, but as for himself, a young second lieutenant who had never heard the boom of a hostile gun, he felt sorry he had enlisted.

However he may have felt at first, he certainly did not let his feelings interfere with his actions, for he did his duty when really in the fight. His company protected the American artillery which the Mexicans tried to capture; he helped to drive back the Mexican lancers, who came charging against them; and the stars and stripes went forward.

GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR.
Afterwards President of the United States.

Then they marched on, and the next day fought another little battle at "the palm grove," or as the Mexicans call it, "Resaca de la Palma."

Here Grant was again one of the fighters in a sharp, short battle; but he seems to have recalled it when he became a famous man, only for the fact that, his captain being sent off somewhere on a special mission, the young lieutenant was for a time in actual command of his company — and felt correspondingly elated, of course. He also mentions that he led his men in a fiery charge across a piece of ground that had already been charged over and captured by the Americans, so that, he says, he had come to the conclusion that, so far as he was concerned, the Battle of Resaca de la Palma would have been won just as it was, even if he had not been there.

But this, I imagine, was what you boys call "only funning," as it was just the modesty of the man — for General Grant was never a man to put himself forward or brag about what he had done. It is certain that, through those two years of war, he made quite a record for himself as a brave and valiant young soldier; his name was mentioned in reports and despatches; he was promoted several times and he did a great deal of hard work as the quartermaster and adjutant of his regiment. The quartermaster, you know, is the officer whose duty it is to look after the food and comfort of the men of his regiment; the adjutant is the colonel's chief helper. So you see both these positions are busy and responsible parts.

The quartermaster need not go into battle if he does not wish to. His chief duty is in and about the camp. But

Lieutenant Grant was never one to shirk. He felt that his duty was in the field quite as much as in the camp and he was always ready to take his part in battle and on bivouac. So, as I have told you, he made a record for bravery and

GRANT RIDES FOR AMMUNITION AT MONTEREY.

daring that would have been remembered even if his future had not been so great and glorious.

It was Lieutenant Grant who, when the fight was raging hotly in the streets of Monterey, volunteered to ride back to General Taylor's headquarters and order up fresh ammunition for the American soldiers who were holding the town. He did so. Flinging himself, Indian fashion, or rather in

circus style, upon his horse, with one heel in the cantle of his saddle and one hand grasping the horse's mane, the young lieutenant rushed his horse toward the gate of the town, and swinging against the horse's side, rode the gauntlet of fire and shot that blazed out from house-top and street corner, helping some wounded men on the way, leaping a four-foot wall so as to gain a short cut, and kept on until he gained the general's tent with his message. Yet all he finds to say in his "Memoirs" of that daring gallop was, "my ride was an exposed one."

It was Lieutenant Grant who, when his regiment was detached from General Taylor's command and joined to the little army of General Scott, marched and fought under that victorious leader from the sea-fortress of Vera Cruz to the capital city of Mexico, never missing a battle and yet always faithful to his duty as care-taker for his regiment.

He chased the flying Mexicans out of the bewildering ditches of the farm of San Antonio; he was in the rush that stormed and carried the church-fortress of Cherubusco; he left his commissary-wagons to take part in the fierce fight at Chepultepec, the "West Point" of Mexico, so gallantly defended by the Mexican cadets; he was one of the leaders of the gallant band that burst into the long low stone building of Molino del Rey — "the king's mill" — and won his promotion to a first lieutenant's commission, first by brevet for bravery and, later, to full rank, by the death of his senior.

Then came the final attack on the capital and the cap-

ture of the city of Mexico. In this struggle Lieutenant Grant bore an active part; for it was largely due to his good judgment and coolness that a speedy entrance into the city was gained by the Americans.

It seems that while he was marching with one part of General Scott's army to attack the northern entrance to the

CHEPULTEPEC — THE "WEST POINT" OF MEXICO.

city, called the San Cosme Gate, he thought he saw a way by which he could get behind — or, as it is called, flank, the Mexican soldiers who were drawn up to oppose the Americans.

Leaving the ranks — by permission, of course — he jumped behind a stone wall, and going cautiously, got to a

point where he could see just how the land lay and just how the enemy was placed. Then he ran back again without being seen, called for volunteers, and leading a dozen plucky soldiers who were ready to risk the danger, he and his men trailed arms under cover of the wall and thus getting behind the Mexicans drove them away from their battery and the house-tops from which they were firing at the Americans.

Soon after this success, Lieutenant Grant, while looking for another chance to get the best of the Mexicans came upon a little church standing by itself back from the road. This church, he noticed, stood not far from the city walls; its belfry, he believed, was just in line with the space behind the city gate. "If I could only get a cannon into that belfry," he said, "I could send some shot in among the Mexican soldiers behind the gate and scatter them."

It was a bright idea. "I'll try it," he said to himself.

No sooner said than done. Hurrying back to the American ranks, Lieutenant Grant got hold of a small light cannon, called a mountain howitzer, and some men who knew how to work it. They dodged the enemy, cut across a field and made a bee-line for the little church.

There were several wide and deep ditches in this field; but the men took the howitzer apart, and each one carrying a piece of it they waded the ditches until, at last, they reached the church without being seen by the enemy. The priest who was in charge of the church was not going to let the Ameri-

GRANT SAID "WE'RE COMING IN!" AND THEY DID.

can soldiers come in, but young Grant told him, "I think you will. We're coming in." And they did.

Piece by piece the cannon was carried up into the belfry, put together again, loaded and aimed directly at the Mexicans who were guarding the San Cosme gate, less than a thousand feet away.

Bang! went the howitzer Bang! bang! it went again. You may well believe that those Mexicans were a surprised lot, when the cannon balls began dropping down among them. At first, they could not imagine where the shots came from, and when they did they were so confused, that instead of sending soldiers to surround and capture this battery in a belfry, they simply made haste to get out of the way of those dropping cannon-balls as quickly as possible.

Of course, the Americans noticed this "embattled church-steeple," too.

"That's a bright idea," said General Worth, and he sent a young lieutenant named Pemberton — who had something special to do with General Grant later in life — to bring the man with the bright idea before him.

So Lieutenant Grant reported what he had done to General Worth and the general told him to keep at it and take another gun up into the steeple, too. But as there was only room for one gun in that steeple, Grant could not use another, even if he wished to. But, as he explained, years after, he couldn't tell General Worth that, because it wasn't

proper for a young lieutenant to contradict the commanding general when he said " put two guns in the steeple."

Well, it was a very bright idea—that battery in a steeple, was it not? And, as it helped open the way for the capture of the Mexican capital, it also brought to the young lieutenant fame and promotion.

THE BATTERY IN THE STEEPLE.

He really did not care very much about the first; for, as you know, Ulysses Grant was a quiet and modest young fellow who did not care a rap for show, and was never one to push himself forward. But his good work in that church steeple had been noticed by his superior officers, and in three different reports of the capture of Mexico, Lieutenant Grant's share received honorable mention.

This, in due time, brought him promotion—something that everyone likes—boy or girl, scholar, clerk or soldier. But things always went a bit slow with this slow-going young man, and while he had plenty of work to do as commissary and adjutant of his regiment, the war did not push

him rapidly on towards General Scott's position — about which, you remember, he had a presentiment or dream when he was a West Point cadet. He went into the battle of Palo Alto, which opened the war, a second lieutenant; sixteen months later when he marched into the city of Mexico as one of the victorious Americans, he was still a second lieutenant, although he had been in almost every battle and belonged to a regiment that lost many officers. Somehow, success was always slow in coming, or missed altogether in Grant's early days. But this, you know, teaches a boy patience, especially if a young fellow is determined, conscientious and persistent. U. S. Grant was all of these, even as a boy, you know; so delay schooled him and brought him experience, cautiousness, firmness and that other quality which some folks call stubbornness, but which we know was, in his case, persistence.

Promotion did come however, soon after the American soldiers were in possession of the city of Mexico. His gallantry in the church steeple and the way in which he always did his duty were not forgotten, and when a vacancy was made by the death of one of his superior officers, Grant went up a step and was made first lieutenant of his regiment — the Fourth U. S. Infantry.

There was not much more fighting after that, but the American soldiers held possession of the city of Mexico several months longer, remaining in the land until the treaty of peace between Mexico and the United States was signed,

on the second of February, 1848. This is known as the "Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo," from the name of the place where the treaty was drawn up. By it, the United States obtained complete possession of Texas, New Mexico and California.

Lieutenant Grant had nothing to do with this treaty —

THE CATHEDRAL IN THE CITY OF MEXICO.

his day for being the central figure in great events and in a greater treaty had not yet come — but he found plenty to do as care-taker of his regiment. He was still quartermaster and he had his hands full. It is no small thing to look after the food and clothes of several hundred men, as the young lieutenant had long since discovered.

This question of clothes was a serious one. The soldiers

were getting ragged after their months of service. No clothing was sent them by the government and something had to be done. So cloth was purchased of the Mexican merchants, and Mexican tailors were employed to make it up into "Yankee uniforms." Lieutenant Grant had to see to getting these new suits for all the men of his regiment, and as there were always more soldiers needing clothes than there were clothes ready for the soldiers, you can see that he was kept pretty busy "tailoring."

Then the money gave out which was needed for the payment of the military band. Now music is almost as necessary for keeping up the spirits and discipline of the soldiers as food and clothing. The musicians in the United States army at the time of the Mexican war, were paid but a little by the government; the rest of their pay came from a sort of soldiers' savings bank known as the regimental fund. This fund had got pretty low down; it needed to be increased if the soldiers were to have good music, so Grant set himself to thinking things over.

As a result he went to work bread-making.

You see a hundred pounds of flour will make one hundred and forty pounds of bread. Grant was allowed to draw flour for his men and this left quite an amount on his hands — forty pounds out of every one hundred and forty. He rented a bakery, hired Mexican bakers, bought fuel and other bake-shop needs and ran a bread-bakery to supply the army with bread. He did this so well that, out of the

profits of that extra forty pounds in every one hundred and forty, he paid the musicians of the Fourth Infantry and increased the slender regimental fund — which meant comforts and even luxuries for his soldiers.

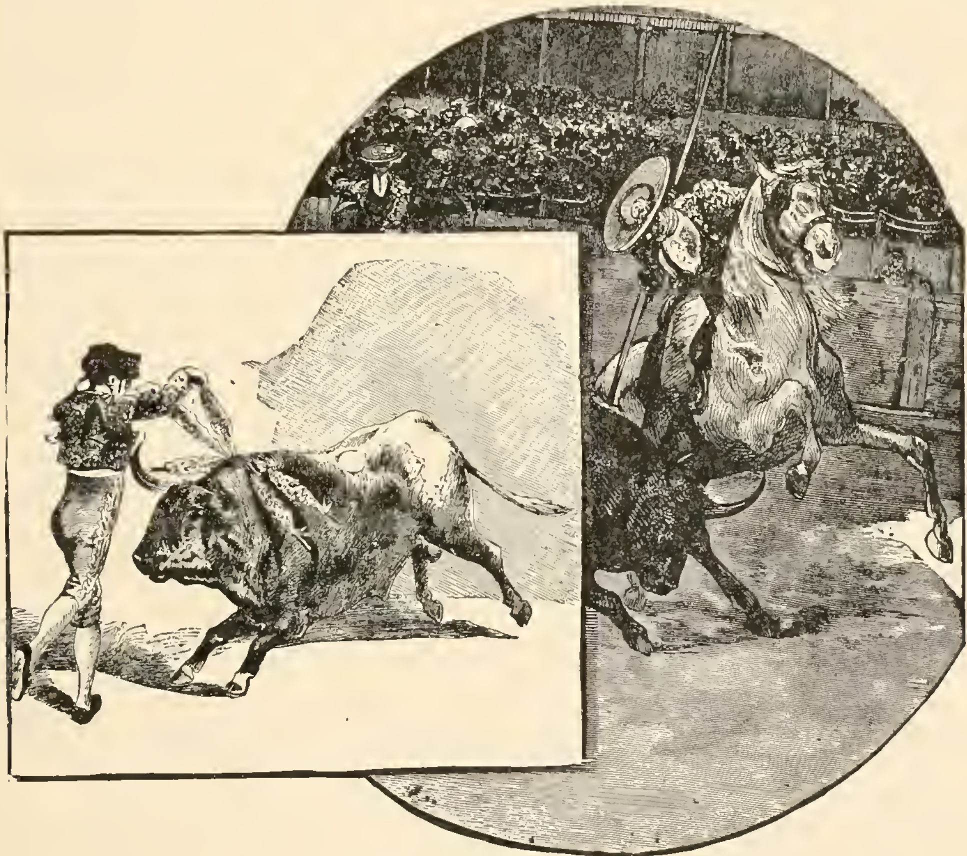
All this of course kept him pretty busy. But he found time to climb up the volcano of Popocatapetl, that is "the smoking mountain."

You can find this in your geography, on the map of Mexico. It is a great volcano, you know, nearly eighteen thousand feet high, and the party of climbers were almost lost in a dreadful storm of wind and snow that came down on them. One of that party of volcano-climbers was to bring fame to Grant later in life — Captain Buckner, who in the Civil War commanded Fort Donelson and brought from Grant the famous words "unconditional surrender." Later still, Buckner was one of the pall-bearers at the funeral of the great soldier whom he helped to fame and who was his companion in that fearful climb up the smoking mountain.

So the time passed pleasantly enough in Mexico with this young lieutenant, because he was kept busy. To do nothing, you know, is the hardest kind of work, and U. S. Grant was never a do-nothing.

He looked after all his regimental duties, and enjoyed his spare time in "poking about" seeing sights. Twice on these sight-seeing trips he was made prisoner by the Mexicans, but was allowed to go free because there was then no fighting — or what is called a truce between the two republics.

Besides climbing Popocatapetl, he explored tombs and ruins of the old Aztecs, the Mexicans whom Cortez the Spaniard conquered, you remember, in the days after Columbus; he visited the wonderful "great caves" of Mexico, and went



BULL FIGHT IN MEXICO.

to see a bull fight. This, you know, is the favorite national sport of Mexico, just as baseball and football are with us. But Grant didn't like it. He only went to one — and one

was enough. It made him sick, he said. For Grant, I must tell you, although the greatest of American soldiers, could not bear the sight of blood, and hated anything like brutality. Other great soldiers have been like him in this. So the bull-fighting disgusted him, and he said he could not see how human beings could enjoy the sufferings of beasts and often of men, as they seemed to do on these occasions.

But more than in sight-seeing, fighting and care-taking, the Mexican war was for Ulysses S. Grant a splendid school and a most helpful experience. In it, he learned to be a soldier, to endure privation, to have patience, to know men and, especially, to become acquainted with those who, a few years after, were to play a prominent part upon a stage on which he was to be chief actor.

Grant never failed to acknowledge the great advantage that his experience in the Mexican war brought him. He learned to know by name or in person almost all the officers who rose to positions of leadership, on one side or the other, in the great Civil War. He was an observing man, he studied people and saw their good points and their weak ones and he knew just what sort of men were his old comrades of the Mexican war, when, in after years, he was either associated with them as commander or opposed to them as conqueror.

There is no better school, boys and girls, than the school of experience; and in that school Ulysses S. Grant was an apt, if a slow and often a worried pupil.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW HE FOUGHT THE PLAGUE AT PANAMA.

THE first thing that Lieutenant Grant did when he went marching home from the war with Mexico was to get a four months' leave of absence, or vacation, hurry to St. Louis and be married. This important date in his life — his wedding day — was the twenty-second of August, 1848.

He married Julia Dent, the St. Louis girl of whom I have already spoken, and a splendid wife she made him.

The wedding took place at the farmhouse, in which lived the parents of Julia Dent. It was ten miles below St. Louis and was a big, roomy, hospitable old Southern mansion with great rooms, ample fireplaces, broad verandas and pleasant grounds, and as it stood then it stands to-day, only slightly altered.

The young couple did not go to housekeeping in St. Louis, nor could they make their home in the big and breezy Dent mansion. Julia Dent was a "soldier's bride," and a soldier is never his own master. His home is "in barracks" or "quarters" at whatever point or place he is ordered to go. So his wife, too, had to live with him in barracks — that is, you know, in the soldier's quarters at some fort or garrison, or military post.

So, after the honeymoon had been spent in visiting the Grant family or the Grant relatives in Ohio, the young lieutenant and his wife, when his vacation days were over, went back to duty. He joined his regiment, and his wife went with him.

At the close of the Mexican war, Grant's regiment — the Fourth U. S. Infantry, you know — went into camp at Pascagoula in Mississippi. There the lieutenant left it when he went off to St. Louis to be married; but, before his four months' vacation was over, the Fourth U. S. Infantry was ordered to the military post of Sackett's Harbor on the shores of Lake Ontario. Quite a change from the Gulf of Mexico, was it not?

There, in the Madison Barracks at Sackett's Harbor, Lieutenant Grant and his wife began their married life. In their rooms in the officers' quarters they spent their first Christmas.

In the spring of the next year, however, 1849, orders came to move. The regiment was transferred to Detroit in Michigan. In this beautiful northern city — not as attractive then as it is to-day, I imagine — they lived for nearly two years, when again came the order to move.

This time, in the spring of 1851, they went back once more to their first home, the Madison Barracks at Sackett's Harbor, following their regiment.

You see, by this, that a soldier and his wife can never hope to make their home long in one place. A small army,

like that of the United States, is shuffled and shifted about almost as much as you shuffle the cards when playing your game of "Authors." Uncle Sam's blue-coats of the regular army never know how long they are going to "stay fixed."

So it came about that, before the Fourth United States Infantry had been in the Madison Barracks at Sackett's Harbor a year, orders again came to the soldier to move.

This time it fairly took their breath away; the regiment was ordered to California. That would not sound so very remarkable in these days when we can rush across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific in six days. But in 1851 very few people went by land across the continent. There were no railroads; people had to ride in slow, lumbering wagons, or on horseback — or walk! and the journey of three thousand miles took weeks and months, that were slow, tiresome and dangerous. There were mountains to climb, deserts to cross, rivers to wade, Indians to face and wild beasts to fight. Hunger and thirst, heat and cold, rain and snow and all the discomforts of life were a part of the daily experience of the traveller and the emigrant. It was a terrible journey to go overland to the Pacific in the days before the railroads.

THE DANGEROUS TRIP "OVERLAND" IN "THE FIFTIES."

So, people preferred going by water. This was not always agreeable, either; but, you see, it was a case of the longest way round being the shortest way home. Travellers to California went by steamboat from New York to Aspinwall on the Isthmus of Panama; then they crossed the Isthmus by boat and mule, went on board another steamer at Panama and sailed up the Pacific to San Francisco. It was a long,

TARGET PRACTICE IN U. S. A. BARRACKS.

hard, tedious and often dangerous journey; but it was not nearly so difficult nor dangerous as the way overland.

But when the orders to go to California came to the soldiers at Sackett's Harbor, Lieutenant Grant decided that he would not take his young wife on such a long, hard and uncertain journey. He did not intend to live in California, and who could tell how long the regiment would be quartered there? Orders might come sending him somewhere

else, even before he and his wife had really "got settled," and the long journey would be all for nothing.

So he arranged to have his wife visit his people in Ohio and her people in St. Louis, promising that when he had been in California long enough to see how he liked it, he would arrange either to send for her or get leave of absence and come east for her.

So it was arranged; the good-byes were said; and on the fifth of July, 1851, the Fourth Infantry, with such of the soldiers' wives and children as could not or would not stay behind, sailed out of the harbor of New York and steamed southward for their first port on the Isthmus of Panama. In eight days they sailed into the harbor of Aspinwall on the Atlantic side of the Isthmus and prepared to go ashore.

July on the Isthmus of Panama is wet, hot and sickly. The passengers from the north felt the changes from drenching rain to burning sun and suffered from them greatly. They were very anxious to be on their way north again to a healthier climate.

But the Isthmus had to be crossed. It looks small and narrow enough on the map, does it not? In one part it is only thirty miles from ocean to ocean. But it is altogether too wide if one feels sick and has no way to get across except to ride horseback or walk.

To-day, a railroad, forty-eight miles long, runs across the Isthmus from Aspinwall on the Atlantic to Panama on the Pacific. But, when Lieutenant Grant and his infantrymen

crossed the Isthmus in 1851, this railroad had but just been commenced and only ran a few miles, to the banks of the Chagres river. This is the stream, you know, which engineers for more than three hundred years have been trying to turn into a ship canal that should join the Atlantic and the Pacific—the famous ditch known as the Panama canal.

When Lieutenant Grant and his seven hundred companions of the Fourth Infantry started to cross the Isthmus they had a fearful time. Grant was quartermaster or "care-taker" of his regiment, you know, and had to look out for the comfort and transportation of the men. This Isthmus journey put his ability to the test.

THE MARCH ACROSS THE ISTHMUS.

First, he saw them all on board the cars for the thirty mile ride by railway. When the road ended, at the Chagres river, they "changed for Gorgona" and went on board certain flat-bottomed boats that would carry between thirty and forty passengers apiece. These boats were poled along the river, against the current — six polemen to a boat — at the rapid rate of a mile an hour!

In this way, they pushed on to a place called Gorgona where they had to get out again for a ride on mule-

back to Panama on the Pacific, some twenty-five miles distant.

Did you ever hear of a harder fifty-mile trip? To-day, in the comfortable cars of the Panama railroad, you can make the trip across the Isthmus in three hours. It took Lieutenant Grant and his company nearly two weeks to do that fifty miles. I will tell you why.

The United States government had arranged with the steamship company for the connected and comfortable transportation of the Fourth Infantry and its baggage from New York to San Francisco, including the trip across the Isthmus.

The officers and soldiers, with the families of a few of the latter, made up a company of seven hundred people. But, in 1851, crowds of adventurers were going to California to dig for gold. So the seven hundred, instead of having comfortable quarters, were crowded upon a steamer already fully occupied. And when Aspinwall was reached everyone was in a hurry to get across the Isthmus to Panama and the Pacific. The passengers on the steamer had first chance and the soldiers simply had to wait for "second turn."

A part of the regiment did, after a few days' delay, get across to Panama; but Grant, as regimental quartermaster, was left at a place called Cruces on the banks of the sickly Chagres river with all the baggage and camp equipage, one company of soldiers and those men of the regiment who had brought their wives and children with them.

There at Cruces they waited. The transportation promised by the steamship company did not come; a man with whom a new contract had been made by the agents of the steamship company kept promising mules and horses, but after a day or two Grant discovered that this man had been supplying them to passengers who could pay higher than the contract price, and the young quartermaster found out that if he were ever to get his people and baggage to Panama, he would have to find the means himself.

Then came the climax. The dreadful cholera — that plague of hot countries — broke out in the camp. Lieutenant Grant had sickness and death to struggle with, in addition to his other worries. For cholera in July, in the Isthmus of Panama, with sultry, rainy weather and insufficient shelter for the sick, means death.

Did you ever read Dickens's story of "Martin Chuzzlewit?" Do you remember Mark Tapley who always "came out strong" when things were at their worst? There was a good deal of this spirit in the quartermaster of the Fourth U. S. Infantry.

With a company of plague-stricken men and women to care for, with no means of removing them to a place of safety, with insufficient accommodation for either the sick or the well, with disappointment as to unkept promises delaying and worrying him, with half-hostile Indians all about his camp, and with food growing scarce and distress staring him in the face, Quartermaster Grant had certainly a hard

problem to solve. But he coolly looked at all the chances, set his teeth together, and made up his mind to work the thing out himself.

He sent his last company of soldiers and the doctors on, by foot, to Panama. Then he took entire charge of the cholera camp and, for over a week, he fought the plague desperately and unflinchingly. He cared for the sick, buried the dead, kept one eye on the half-hostile Indians, tried in every way to arrange for some kind of transportation to Panama, and kept things going as briskly and as cheerfully as he could, stubbornly resolved not to give in. He was busy all the time. For a week he did not take off his clothes and scarcely allowed himself any rest — working, nursing, striving, in the midst of the plague that brought weakness and death from the forest and the swamp.

HE CARED FOR THE SICK AND FOUGHT THE PLAGUE.

Of one hundred and fifty men, women and children in that cholera-stricken camp on the Chagres river, fully one third died before that week of terror came to an end. But Grant never gave up.

Finding that the agents and promises of the steamship company were not to be relied upon, and that if his sick and his baggage were ever to get to the Pacific he must get them there himself, he took all the responsibility and set to work on his own hook. He hired mules and litters at twice the price offered by the steamship company, engaged Indians to bury the dead and pack on the mules the camp belongings, and at last took up his march to the Pacific, bringing everything with him, excepting alas! the victims whom the cholera had claimed as its own in that plague-spot in the Panama forests.

I have lingered over this brief happening in the life of U. S. Grant because it has always seemed to me a key to his character; it prepares us to see in this quiet, determined, self-reliant young quartermaster, sending all his available help away and grimly remaining to fight the plague and care for the people and property under his charge, the preface to that soldier and ruler of later years, whom the poet Lowell described as,

"One of those still, plain men that do the world's rough work."

There is no doubt, is there, about that work in the Panama cholera-camp being rough indeed?

Early in September the Fourth Infantry sailed through the Golden Gate and entered upon its garrison life in California.

Those were exciting days in the great Western state. It was only a territory then — a vast track of land, stretch-

GRANT IN THE PLAGUE CAMP AT PANAMA.

"*He took all the responsibility and set to work on his own hook.*"

ing along the Pacific and recently acquired from Mexico. But it was fast filling up. The word had gone abroad that gold was to be had just for the digging or the washing in the land and streams of California. People from all parts of the world, in a hurry to get rich, rushed to California to become gold-miners.

There were all sorts and conditions of men among them, and while most of them did not get rich, they did make things lively for a while on that far Pacific coast. For men who failed to find gold had to find work or starve. They *had* to do something. It was "hard lines" for many a stout-hearted young fellow, and that mining life in California was full of temptation, danger, risk and struggle. But these are the things which, bravely faced, help to make men. Only the plucky and strong ones did win the fight; but their labors and exertions, their defeats and successes helped to build mighty states in that far western land and to lay the foundations upon which the republic rose to greatness.

It was in such a school as this that U. S. Grant learned anew the lessons of foresight, determination and watchfulness that guided him so well in later times of need. Those were days, he himself tells us, "that brought out character," and, in his case, each new experience strengthened a character that was to mean great things for his native land.

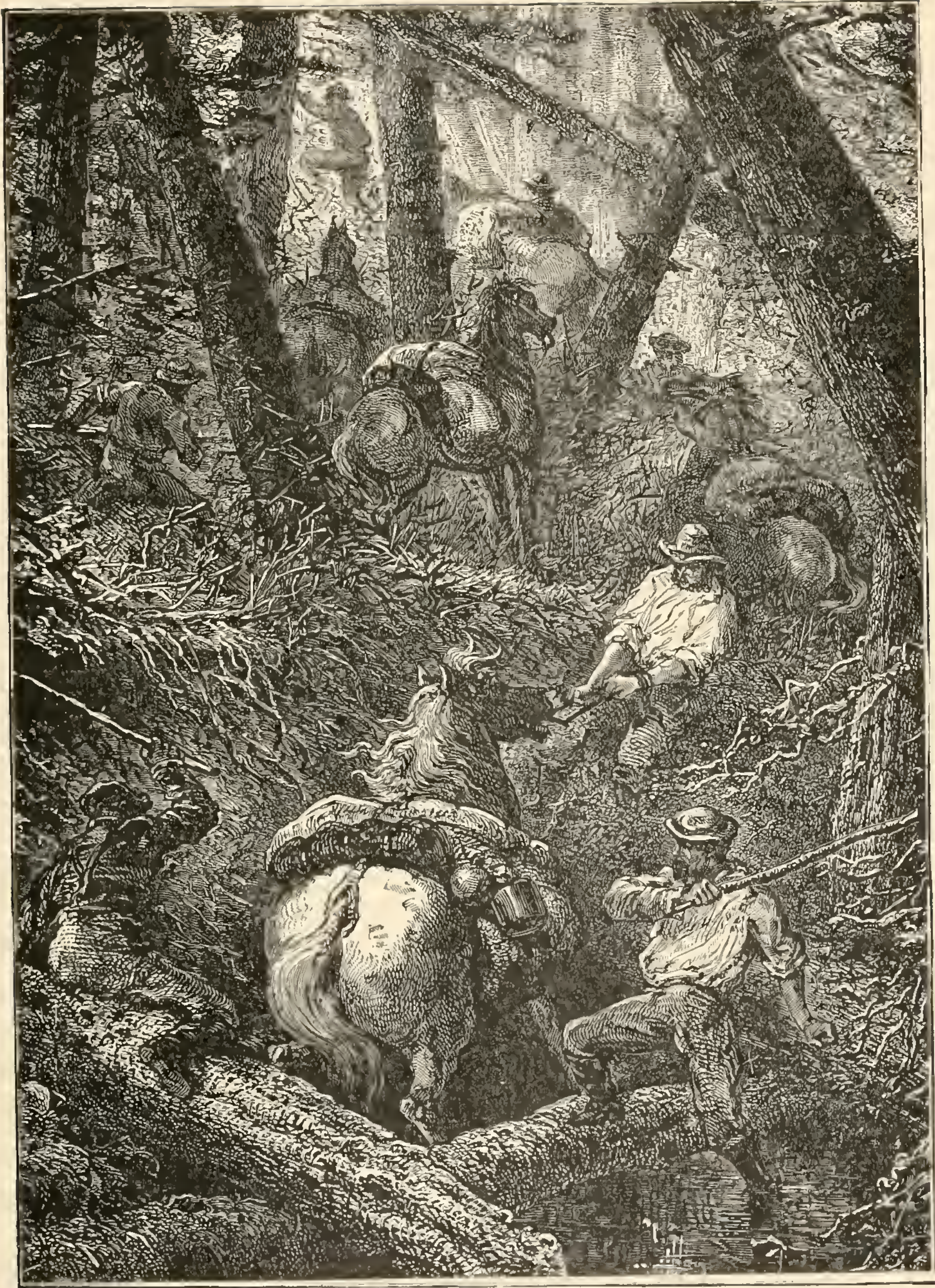
He lived in barracks with his regiment — at Benicia, not far from San Francisco; at Fort Vancouver on the

Columbia river, in the southern part of what is now the state of Washington; and at Humboldt Bay, near to the town of Eureka, in northern California.

He found a soldier's life in times of peace, even in that new and unsettled land of gold, lazy, unprofitable and unpromising. He never really did like a soldier's life, you know. "I never liked service in the army — not as a young officer," he said, years after; he always declared that he was more a farmer than a fighter. So, when he came to look carefully at his chances he could not see any future or prosperity for him if he remained in the army. And yet, as you all know, it was the army that was to make him great!

COLD WEATHER SENTRY DUTY, IN BARRACKS.

But, as he thought it all over, there in California, he longed to see the wife and children he had left in "the states," as folks then called the East; he knew that his pay as a soldier was too small to support a family, and he dared not take the risk of bringing them so far from home. So he concluded to resign, leave the army and go into some good business in which he could hope to make money and win success.



A HARD ROAD TO TRAVEL.
Over the mountains in gold-mining days in California.

He liked California, and, for many years after he left it, he hoped some day to go back and make that splendid state his home. But he felt that he must first get a good start in life; so, in March, 1854, he resigned from the army and went home again.

Ever since the day when, in the belfry of the Mexican church, he had bombarded the city of Mexico with his battery of one gun, he had been a captain by brevet, but not in rank or pay. In July, 1853, the death of an officer left a vacant place, and as the other officers moved up towards the head the lieutenant became a captain. So, when he resigned from the army and went home, he was Captain Grant. You see how slowly things went in times of peace. He had to wait six years for the promised promotion to captain.

For eleven years had U. S. Grant been a soldier of the republic. Slow in speech and action, except when action was absolutely necessary, more brave than brilliant, and a worker rather than a "show" soldier, he was always to be depended upon if anything needed to be done. He never shirked his duty because it was not a pleasant one, and if he saw that a thing must be done he stuck to it until it was done.

The same strategy that, as a boy, he displayed in lifting and loading the great stone in Georgetown, he exhibited as a lieutenant in the church tower in Mexico; the same pluck and grit that helped the boy drive home the balky horse he had purchased, served the man in his daring ride for ammu-

nition through the streets of Monterey and in the grim grapple with the plague in the forests of Panama. These, and such experiences as these, were the foundation of that stern, silent, determined, unyielding effort that made this quiet soldier the great captain — the future hero and victor in the republic's desperate struggle for life.

CHAPTER V.

HOW THE CAPTAIN FOUND LIFE A "HARD SCRABBLE."

SO Ulysses gave up fighting for farming. It was not altogether a successful exchange, so far as results went. Captain Grant had never been able to save much out of his pay as a soldier — never very large; and eleven years of soldiering are not a very good preparation for farming. He would have to get his living out of the ground now, and he knew that, like Adam the first farmer, "in the sweat of his face he must eat bread."

That means hard work, of course; and hard work indeed our ex-soldier found it to make both ends meet. He was never afraid of hard work either as boy or man, and what he set his hand to do, he did "with his might," as the Bible

says. But even the hardest worker does not always make a success of things, and this was to be the experience of the soldier from the Pacific.

When he landed in New York, on his homeward trip from San Francisco by the way of Panama, he had little or no money, and a man whom he had once helped and upon whom he depended for a return not only refused to pay him but ran off altogether. So the poor captain had to write to his father in Ohio for help to get home.

His people were of course delighted to see him again; but when, at last, late in the summer of 1854, he was once more with his wife and children at St. Louis, he found that he must face the world sturdily if he were to get his own living and that, at thirty-two, he had actually to begin life over again; "a new struggle for our support," he calls it, and a struggle indeed it was.

Mrs. Grant's father had given her part of his Whitehaven acres as a farm. On this, Captain Grant decided to build a house and go to farming.

He had no house to live in and no money with which to stock the farm; but he set about building the house and hoped to raise enough on his farm to gradually pay for live-stock and farm-tools.

He did most of the house-building himself. All he could do was to put up a log cabin, and he carted the stones for the cellar, hauled the logs for the walls and split the shingles for the roof. He had a few negroes to help him, but he was

his own mason and carpenter, except when it came to the "raising," and at this the neighbors helped.

It was not very much of a house, I imagine; but then nobody expects all the conveniences in a log cabin and, humble as it was, his home-made log house was home — and

"CAPTAIN GRANT FOUND OUT WHAT WORK REALLY WAS."

you know, as John Howard Payne's beautiful song tells us, "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

But long before he and his family were settled in their log-built home, Captain Grant had found out what work really was. He had learned how hard it was to squeeze a living out of the ground. He discovered that raising pota-

toes and corn and wheat and cutting cord-wood on a sixty-acre farm always meant hard work, but does not always mean money enough to live on as one would like.

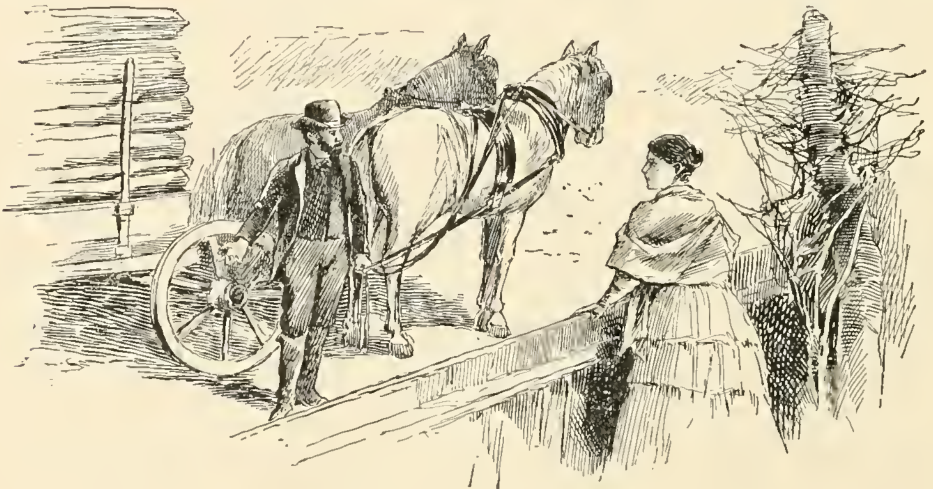
As I told you, however, in my story of how Grant fought the plague at Panama, he had a good deal of the Mark Tapley spirit about him, and so, even while he saw what a hard row he had to hoe on his little farm, he saw the funny side of it too, and named his little place "Hardscrabble," because, he said, he was certain to find life there "a hard scrabble."

His sixty acres, as I have said, were good ground for corn and wheat and potatoes, and in its forest land he could cut a good many cords of wood. The log house at "Hardscrabble" was set on a rise of ground and shaded by a grove of young oaks. It was a pleasant spot, and Grant would have been very happy there with his wife and children if he had not been worried over money matters and often been sick with the fever and ague. That will make anyone feel mean and out-of-sorts, you know, and Grant had been a sufferer from that hot and shivery complaint ever since he had been a boy in Ohio.

There was one thing he always managed to have at "Hardscrabble" and that was good horses. To have had poor ones would not have been like Grant; for he, you know, was always a horse-lover. And, at "Hardscrabble," he used to declare that, with his pet team of a gray and a bay, he could plough a deeper furrow and haul a heavier load of wheat or cord-wood than any other farmer around.

For, you see, he was his own teamster. And when times were especially hard and money was slow in coming, he would load up his wood team and driving into town would peddle his fire-wood from door to door.

From this, you can be certain that there was about Captain Grant no such thing as false pride. He was ready to



GRANT AS A WOOD-PEDDLER.

do anything that was honest work, no matter how humble. But not the most tempting opportunity could ever induce him to do a dishonorable action. He hated meanness as he did lying and swearing; and it is a splendid record for a man who has gone through as much and had as many ups and downs as he that, in all his eventful life, he never did a mean action, never swore and never lied. Yet that is the record of U. S. Grant.

He himself has said in no spirit of boasting — for Grant

WITH THE GRAY AND THE BAY.

was never a boaster — but just to illustrate a point he was making, "I am not aware of ever having used a profane expletive in all my life." He told his boys so, too, and his eldest son declares that his father did not even use the simplest kind of boyish "swear words." When his father was a young man, so this eldest son tells us, he did hear him say once on a time "thunder and lightning!" But he says that is about the only strong expression his father ever did use, and the fact that the soldier's son remembered it shows how unusual a thing it was.

His record for honesty and truthfulness is known to all men and is dwelt upon by all persons who had anything to do with him in business or pleasure.

"O, Sam Grant said it, did he?" they would say at West Point. "Well, that settles it. If he said so, it's so."

And meanness, which is very close to ungentlemanliness, is also pretty near to coarseness in talk or act. Not one of these found place in the character of U. S. Grant. He never said anything that approached coarseness, his son tells us. He never used vulgar words nor would he tell or listen to bad stories. He would get up and leave the room rather than hear them. And to do that, let me tell you, takes real courage.

Do you wonder that, through all his life, men trusted him and respected him, even when things went hardest with him? Do you wonder that, when the son from whom I have quoted grew to be a man, he said his father was his

ideal of all that is true and good? Do you wonder that he says to his own boy that the best he can wish for him is to be as good a man as his grandfather?

"My father's character," he says, "was what I believe a good Christian teacher would consider the ideal one. He was pure in thought and deed. He was careful of the feelings of others — so much so, in fact, that when he had to do anything to hurt them, I believe he felt more pained than the people whom he hurt."

This is an excellent reputation to have, is it not? And in the case of Ulysses Grant it is one that all men acknowledge as truly merited. It began with him even as a boy in the Ohio tanyard; under the hard experience of life at Hardscrabble and the years that followed it was tested by adversity and became at last the calm, self-controlled, fearless, yet at the same time tender and sympathetic nature that won, by unbending will and by equally determined clemency, in the terrible warfare that closed at Appomattox.

There is no "fire of adversity," as we call it, that is so trying and tormenting as not being able to "get along." Failure is a terrible blow to a man's good opinion of himself — indeed, it is so to a boy's, too.

Captain Grant had a severe schooling in failure after he left the army. Somehow, as we say, things did not seem to go his way.

He could not make farming pay; few men can, when along comes sickness to take all the strength and ambition

out of them — as did the fever and ague with Captain Grant. Hauling fire-wood ten miles to town and peddling it from door to door at four dollars a cord will not put much money in a man's pocket, especially when he has a growing family to support.

So, after three year's trial at farming, when he saw that he was running behind each year, when he found himself weakened by continuous fever and ague, two thousand dollars in debt to his father, and, though steadily industrious, still as steadily unsuccessful, he came to the conclusion that he was not cut out for a farmer and must try his hand at something else.

Although he called "Hardscrabble" his home he had not lived there all the time. Once he left the cabin to take charge of the house of his brother-in-law on the Gravois road. It was a neat Gothic cottage and was called "Wish-ton-wish" — I wonder if that name was given it because of a certain tale by a great American story-teller? Do you know which one?

In 1856 the Grants moved into Whitehaven — the mansion belonging to Mrs. Grant's father. Captain Grant was to look after the place; but he still called "Hardscrabble" his home, and when at last the fever and ague would not let him continue as a farmer and he determined to make a change, he was obliged to sell "Hardscrabble" and its belongings so as to raise a little money.

Life had been a struggle there, certainly. But even up-

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hill work may have its pleasures. Years after, walking over the old place one day, General Grant pointed out some stumps sticking up in the farmland and said, "I moistened the ground around those stumps with many a drop of sweat. But they were happy days, after all," he added.

When the persistent fever and ague had so weakened

"HARDSCRABBLE," THE COTTAGE THAT GRANT BUILT FOR HIMSELF IN MISSOURI.

him that he felt obliged to change his way of life, his wife's family, the Dents, found an opening for him in the real estate business in St. Louis.

He formed a partnership with a real estate dealer, a man who buys and sells houses and lands, you know, or lends money to land-owners. This new firm was called Boggs &

Grant, and all the office they had was a desk in an old house on Pine Street in St. Louis.

Captain Grant did the writing and figuring, but he was not a real good hand at "drumming up" business. A successful real estate agent must be what some folks in these busy days call a "hustler," and U. S. Grant was not cut out for work that called for a fast and ready talker. You know they called him, later on, "the silent man."

So he did not succeed as a real estate agent. The firm of Boggs & Grant lasted only about a year. Then hard times came on, money was not easy to get, there was not business enough for two in the Pine Street office and Captain Grant gave it up.

Although he had failed as a real estate agent he came out of the business with a spotless reputation. He might not be a business success, but he was a success as a man.

"He was always a gentleman and everybody loved him, he was so gentle and considerate to every one," the wife of his partner said of him. "But really we did not see what he could do in the world."

That is the way too many people look at what they call failure, isn't it? But failure is not always not being able to do a thing in our way, you know. This lady lived to learn what Grant could do when his great opportunity came.

"Grant did not seem to be just calculated for business," says one man who knew him in those hard days, "But a more honest, generous man never lived. I don't believe he

knew what dishonor was." That is even a finer record to have than to be set down as a "booming real estate speculator," is it not?

After Captain Grant gave up the real estate business, he tried hard to get the appointment as County Engineer. This is the man who looks after laying out roads and highways, and sees that boundaries and buildings are right. He should be a man who knows a good deal about mathematics and surveying.

Captain Grant was just the man for such a position. But, too often, one who is trying to get such a place must have lots of friends to back him up, and he must have what is known as political influence. This is not right, of course. The best man should always get the place, and a man's best recommendation for a position should be that he knows how to do the work. It is getting to be more this way in public life now-a-days, but when Captain Grant was trying to get the place as County Engineer, political influence was the principal thing an applicant must have.

So he did not get the appointment. He did get a small place in the Custom House at St. Louis; but the next month the head man, or "Collector," died and the new Collector put one of his own friends in Grant's place.

Did not the poor captain have a hard time of it? It did seem as if there really was nothing for him to do, anywhere.

Day after day he walked the streets of the city trying to find work. Day after day he went home disappointed. He

had to move into humbler and cheaper quarters; he had to borrow money to live on; he had no end of trouble, and at last he made up his mind to give up trying to get a foothold in a city where everything seemed to be against him, and go back to his father and the leather business.

It was in the spring of the year 1860 that he came to this conclusion. Of course, it was a hard thing to do. It is never easy for a man of spirit to ask favors or to depend upon others.

But Grant was never a man to sit down and do nothing. He would never give up trying, and effort is half the battle. That was one secret of his success, as it is of any boy or man who will never admit defeat. Lack of success is one thing; but loss of pluck is quite another; and this loss Grant never admitted.

He did feel pretty blue over things, though. He had made a brave fight against ill-fortune, and the battle seemed going against him because the opportunities, the strife and the surroundings in Missouri seemed more than he could master. In all that big Western city there seemed to be no place for poor Captain Grant.

But to-day, where two great streets cross each other, in the busiest part of St. Louis, there stands a statue of the man who, so the world said, was a failure in St. Louis; and the great city in which he could not make a living honors and reveres him to-day not only as a great American, but as one of the great citizens of St. Louis.

But he could have no idea of that in 1860, when there seemed no possible way for him to get along there.

"I can't make a go of it here," he said; "I must leave."

His wife was ready to share his fortunes, be they good or bad, and she agreed that his plan was the wisest. So, early in 1860, Captain U. S. Grant, with his affairs at their worst and his fortunes at their lowest, turned his back on the part of the world where he had found life a very "hard scrabble" indeed, and moved his family to Galena in the State of Illinois.

For, in Galena, his two younger brothers were in the leather business and Jesse Grant, his father, had arranged with them to give Ulysses a chance to do something as clerk in their leather store.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW HE HEARD THE CALL TO DUTY.

CAPTAIN GRANT'S father was "well off," as riches were reckoned in those days, and was perfectly able to help his eldest son out of his difficulties.

But Jesse Grant had always been proud of this boy of his and it hurt his pride to have Ulysses so unsuccessful in

business. He was considerably disturbed when Ulysses came to Covington to talk things over with him; but when the father saw that he really must give the son another lift over the hard places, he "took hold of Ulysses's affairs," as he said, and straightened them out by making a place for the ex-soldier, ex-farmer, ex-real estate agent in the leather store at Galena, of which he himself was chief owner.

Besides his tanneries in Ohio, Jesse Grant for several years had a prosperous leather store in Covington, Kentucky. He had also opened a large "leather and findings" store in Galena, which he had put in charge of two of his sons — both younger than Ulysses. The Galena store, in 1860, was one of the best buildings in that bluff-top town on the Galena river, just back from the Mississippi, and in it was carried on the largest leather and harness business northwest of Chicago.

It was not into the tannery business, as is generally stated, that U. S. Grant went when he moved to Galena. Indeed, it is not really correct to call him a tanner. You will remember that, when he was a boy, he did but little work in his father's tanyard, and his work at Galena was really selling leather and harnesses in a fine large store.

His home was with one of his brothers in a modest, two-story brick house away up on one of the terrace-like bluffs on which Galena is built, to the north of the principal street of the town, and in what was then considered a most desirable neighborhood.

Captain Grant was fond of his home, fond of his wife, fond of his children and, of course, fond of his horses, two of them being used in the leather business and cared for and driven by the captain.

He was a quiet, retiring sort of citizen and neighbor —

GRANT'S HOME IN GALENA, IN 1861.
(*From a recent photograph.*)

"a very commonplace man," people said. He was never a stern or strict father, but he was a loving and a just one. He liked his boys to be boys — manly, honest, fearless, self-reliant and true. His eldest boy, then about twelve years

old, he taught to swim simply by tossing him into deep water where he just had to swim ashore. But the watchful father was close at hand to help and direct the boy.

His removal to Galena and business connection there was an excellent change for Captain Grant. For, although only a clerk on a six-hundred dollar salary in his brother's store, he was really given a position in a good business in which, by his father's direction, he would, in time, become a partner. This he hoped would come around in a year or so. But when that "year or so" was over, he, as he tells us in his "Memoirs," "was engaged in an employment which required all my attention elsewhere." And, indeed, it did.

Captain Grant lived for eleven months in Galena — from May, 1860 to April, 1861. He was a quiet, square-shouldered, spare-built man of thirty-eight, stooping slightly, because of farm-work and fever and ague. He walked to and from the leather store, or drove the horses about in the business wagon. He was salesman, bill-clerk and collector for the leather store. He was a great "home-body." He visited but a few neighbors, and was, even after ten months' residence, as he says, almost a comparative stranger in Galena. No one paid very much attention to him or expected that he would ever amount to much, except as the success of his father and brothers in business might push him into a fairly comfortable living.

Suddenly, to the quiet, unobtrusive, ordinary-appearing man came the call to duty that proved his call indeed.

Political troubles ended in actual conflict. Americans were in arms against Americans. Fort Sumter was fired upon. The president of the United States called for volunteers to defend the Union. There was war in the land.

Ulysses S. Grant was no politician. He had neither the wish nor the will to be one. But he had thought a great deal about the questions that were putting the Union in peril. Being a soldier by education and experience, he knew well what war meant, and he hoped very much that so terrible a thing would not be forced upon his native land.

He talked this way; he voted this way; he helped, as far as his voice and vote could help, to put off the day that would divide the people of the United States and set the North against the South. Many other good and true men did so, too; but the dreadful day could not be put off. It had to come. It was what was called the "Inevitable Conflict" — that is, the trouble that can not be put off.

When it did come, in the firing upon Fort Sumter by the Southern batteries encircling that little fortress-covered island in Charleston harbor, it aroused to action the very men who had tried hardest to keep it off. "The Union," they said, "must be preserved. The flag shall be defended."

How well I remember, as a boy, the coming of the tidings of that terrible twelfth of April, 1861. How excited was every one. How people talked and talked, when President Lincoln said, "I must have seventy-five thousand men to help me put down this rebellion." And how they *did*

things! For the soldiers sprang to arms at once and the whole broad land became one mighty camp.

There were mass meetings held all over the northern country; business almost stopped; schools could hardly "keep;" men who had thought and voted differently now clasped hands for the Union and from the enthusiastic mass meetings went men pledged to march "on to Washington" to obey the call of the president, to defend the National Capital and uphold the nation's honor.

A "NEW RECRUIT," IN 1861.

Just such a meeting as this was held in the court house in Galena, where Grant lived. It roused the citizens to enthusiasm and when, two days later, another meeting was held to encourage enlistments, the country court house was crowded.

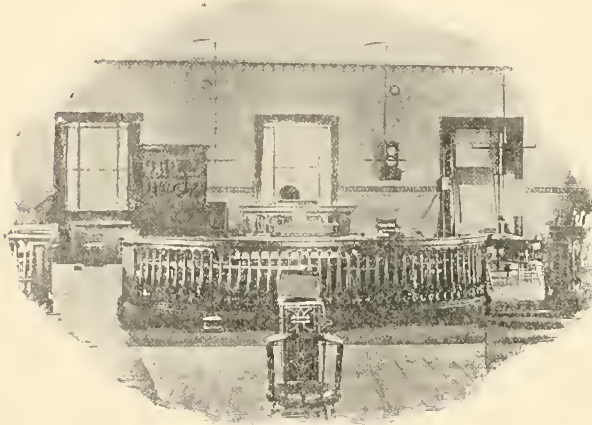
Some one must preside. This was to be a military meeting, not a talking one, and some one suggested Captain U. S. Grant for chairman.

Not a hundred people in Galena knew who this Captain Grant was, and when a medium-sized, stoop-necked, serious

looking man in a blue army overcoat rose in his place, the crowded court room looked at him curiously.

He did not know just what to do. It was a new position for him.

"Get up on the platform! go up; go up, Cap'n!" men shouted. But the captain did not like such prominence. He simply smiled, shook his head and leaning both hands on a desk looked over the throng.



THE COURT HOUSE AT GALENA.
Where Grant made his first speech.

"With much embarrassment and some prompting," he says in his "Memoirs," "I made out to announce the object of the meeting."

"Fellow Citizens," he said, "This meeting is called to organize a company of volunteers to serve the State of Illinois" (in defence of the Union, he meant, of course). "Before calling upon you to become volunteers I wish to state just what will be required of you. First of all, unquestioning obedience to your superior officers. The army is not a picnicing party, nor is it an excursion. You will have hard fare. You may be obliged to sleep on the ground after long marches in the rain and snow. Many of the orders of your

superiors will seem to you unjust, and yet they must be borne. If an injustice is really done you, however, there are courts-martial where your wrongs can be investigated and offenders punished. If you put your name down here it shall be in full understanding what the act means. In conclusion, let me say, that, so far as I can, I will aid the company, and I intend to re-enlist in the service myself."

That was Grant's first speech. It was like him — plain, honest, convincing and right to the point. It did not mean fun for those who enlisted. It meant business. To men who were as determined and as interested as himself it told more than sounding words and bursts of eloquence. As a result, the Galena company of volunteers was speedily made up. More than enough enlisted. Indeed, over an hundred had to be rejected because the ranks were full.

At once, Grant was offered the captaincy of the company. But he had other plans. He knew that, in the nation's stress, men of experience would be needed to serve as officers. "I can't afford to re-enter service as a captain of volunteers," he said. "I have served nine years in the regular army and I am fitted to command a regiment."

So he declined to take the post of captain of the company he had helped to raise, although he promised to do everything in his power to help them get into service.

This may seem to you, at first, as not just the modest way that Grant usually acted; but it was really wise and just. Do you remember, in the story of George Washing-

ton's life, the trouble that he had because he would not take a place offered him as captain in the American militia when he knew he ought to be colonel? His reasons for this action were honorable and right, and Captain Grant's were the same. He knew that the United States had educated him and that, to his country, his best service was due; this service called him really to higher duties than that of a captain of a company. Regiments would be formed that needed reliable heads; and even patriotism doesn't always know how to lead armies to victory. So he waited; but, while he waited, he gave all his time to working for the Union, drilling the new recruits, telling the leaders what to do; he even helped the ladies get up the proper kind of uniforms for the volunteers. After that meeting at which he spoke he never, so he tells us, went into the leather store again to put up a package or do any other business.

Determined to serve, but equally determined to accept service only as he felt it to be his duty — in a position suited to his experience and rank — he followed the Galena company to Springfield, the capital of Illinois and the home of Abraham Lincoln. Here, in the midst of all the war fever and excitement, Captain Grant sought, for days, to get his just deserts. But he was too modest to insist upon what he knew to be his rights and at last became discouraged and declared that he should try somewhere else. The politicians and fancy soldiers were too much for him and his chance for service was but small.

"I came down here," he said to a friend, "because I felt it my duty. The government educated me and I felt I ought to offer my services again. I have applied, to no result. I can't afford to stay here longer and I'm going home."

He did accept a post in the adjutant-general's office — that is the place in which most of the army business is transacted; but he felt it to be little more than "a clerk's job."

"Any boy could do this," he said. "I'm going home."

Do you remember how nearly Spain lost the glory and honor of placing Columbus on his feet, when he wished to make that wonderful voyage to the West? You have read of it in the story of Columbus, of course. In the same way, the State of Illinois came very near to losing the honor and glory of Grant's services. As Columbus thought of offering his services to France because Spain rejected him, so Grant was on the point of offering his services to Ohio because Illinois refused them.

In fact, a commission as colonel of the Twelfth Ohio regiment was already on its way to him — though he did not know it — when there came a telegram from the governor of Illinois asking if he would accept the command of the Twenty-first Illinois regiment. Before the Ohio offer reached him, Grant had already telegraphed his acceptance.

The Twenty-first Illinois had rather a hard name. Its colonel and its men did not get along well, and so many complaints against the regiment reached the governor that changed its colonel. So U. S. Grant became Colonel Grant.

The Twenty-first Illinois was awaiting orders for service at Camp Yates, just outside of Springfield, and here Grant went to take command.

"Colonel," said Congressman Logan who accompanied him to the camp, "this regiment of yours is said to be a little unruly. Do you think you can manage them?"

"I think I can," the colonel answered; and from the way he said it, Congressman Logan thought so, too.

Arrived at Camp Yates, he was introduced to his new command by Congressman Logan, whom the county knew later as general and senator. He was a brilliant, popular and inspiring orator, and opened his address with words that stirred his soldier-audience to enthusiasm. The new colonel was quietly in the rear, but now Logan led him forward and, as a fitting close to his thrilling speech said, "Illinoisans! allow me now to present to you your new colonel, U. S. Grant."

Of course the soldiers cheered. It was a great day for them. They had got rid of one objectionable colonel and had now been given another who did not look particularly stern or masterful. No doubt they thought they could do about as they pleased with Colonel Grant.

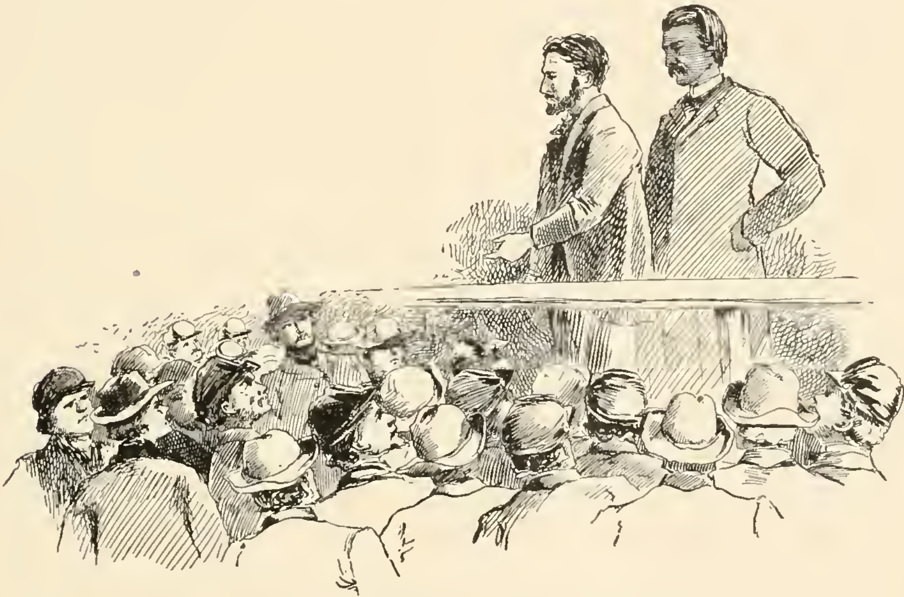
"Speech! speech!" they demanded.

Everybody made speeches to the soldiers in those days — speeches full of patriotism, love for the flag, loyalty to the Union and all that. Of course the soldiers expected just such a speech from Colonel Grant.

He hesitated a moment. Then in a clear, calm, every-day voice, that all could hear and all could understand, he said:

"Men! go to your quarters."

That was all his speech. There was not much to it, was



"MEN! GO TO YOUR QUARTERS," SAID COLONEL GRANT.

there? But it gave his soldiers an altogether new idea of their colonel.

They speedily discovered that their new idea meant "business." That very night at dress parade, the colonel said to his officers. "A soldier's first duty is to obey his commander. I shall expect my orders to be obeyed as exactly and instantly as if we were on the field of battle."

They were so obeyed, for both officers and men saw at once, that, as one of the sergeants said, "he's the colonel of this regiment."

From an unruly, careless and disobedient set of men, the Twenty-first Illinois developed into an orderly, well-drilled soldierly regiment.

In all this their colonel was quiet, self-controlled, direct and just. He always knew what he wanted and how to get it. He was strict, but never ugly; firm, yet always friendly; determined, yet never tyrannical. His superiors were delighted with his orders and reports, which were short, clear and right to the point. He attended to everything himself, where attention was necessary, and as a result his command was always well looked after and supplied. He trained his men into soldiers and, therefore, they respected and obeyed him.

"We knew we had a real soldier over us," said one of his lieutenants. "We knew, too, that we had the best commander and the best regiment in the state."

In less than a month after he had taken command of his regiment, the Twenty-first Illinois was ordered into Missouri, where General Frémont was in command and where an invasion of the state by southern troops was daily expected.

Grant thought this a fine opportunity to train his men to long marching. So, instead of going across the state by railroad, he marched his regiment across.

"I prefer to do my first marching in a friendly country and not in the enemy's country," he said, and the result proved the wisdom of his decision.

The knowledge of his able discipline and care of his men became known, and before the Illinois river was reached his

"I PREFER TO DO MY FIRST MARCHING IN A FRIENDLY COUNTRY," HE SAID.

command was ordered to a threatened point near the town of Palmyra in Missouri.

It did not prove a field of battle, however, for the enemy retired before Grant reached Palmyra. The colonel's sensations however are worth recording, as he has put them down. For, he tells us in his "Memoirs," that as he

approached Palmyra he was anxious, rather than fearless or frightened. It was because of his responsibility as the leader of men; not because of any lack of courage. He had never before been in a position of command and, he says: "If some one else had been colonel and I had been lieutenant-colonel I do not think I would have felt any trepidation."

You see how slowly he developed into a real leader. The best soldier is not always the boasting, reckless leader; he mingles caution with courage, and his anxiety is often greater than his ambition.

But Colonel Grant's men never knew his feelings. They knew him to be a leader they could trust and follow, and he handled them well. They marched on to a village called Florida; but the confederates had fled before them, and finally Colonel Grant was ordered to join General Pope who was stationed in the town of Mexico, in Missouri.

When he reached there he was given command of the district, with three regiments and a section of artillery. He found the men of his new command lacking in discipline and the people complaining of their actions. Colonel Grant changed all this at once. His own regiment was what is called an "object-lesson" in soldiering. He made soldiers out of the men; he protected the people; he kept the district over which he had been placed in command, orderly, quiet and peaceful.

One day the news came to him that he had been made a

brigadier-general. This was a great surprise for him. But it shows that quiet, careful and determined work pays.

You see, the president had asked the Illinois Congressmen to recommend a few good Illinois officers for promotion to the post of brigadier-general. Colonel Grant scarcely knew the Congressmen from his state, but they had heard good reports of his ability and discipline and what he had done with the men over whom he was placed in command.

So, on the list of seven names proposed by them to the president as brigadiers, the name of Ulysses S. Grant led all the rest, and at once he was ordered to take command of an important district in Missouri, with headquarters at the town of Ironton.

The day of return for patient waiting had dawned for him; and his readiness to respond to the call of duty and to do his best in whatever position he was placed, but to say what that position should be, had already found its result in his call to go up higher, even before he had been tried in the heat and fire of battle.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW THE GENERAL UNLOOSED THE MISSISSIPPI.

AS brigadier-general, Grant was sent to take charge of a large district covering all the country south of St. Louis and all of southern Illinois.

This was on the border-land between the North and the South. It was full of rebels and half-rebels — and those who were half-rebels were much harder to deal with than the out-and-out rebels. It is always so, you know; an open enemy is better than a secret foe.

General Grant made his headquarters at Cairo, at the extreme southern tip end of Illinois. One of the first things he determined to do was to give the "half-rebels" a lesson, by seizing the city of Paducah on the Kentucky side of the Ohio river, forty miles or so east of Cairo.

Kentucky had not yet joined the Confederacy, but was trying to remain neutral, as it is called — that is, favoring neither the one side nor the other.

This is not an easy thing to do when opposing armies are marching from either side. As the Confederate troops already occupied two towns in the state, General Grant believed that the Union forces should have a good footing there, also.

So he sailed down the river to Paducah with his soldiers and occupied the town, and though the "neutrals" were very indignant, the Union forces had secured a footing in Kentucky.

By this time he had a well drilled army in camp at Cairo. These soldiers had enlisted to fight and they were tired of being idle. So was Grant; and, at last, taking three thousand men with him, he started to break up a camp of Confederates at a place called Belmont, on the Mississippi river, twenty or thirty miles south of Cairo.

Directly opposite Belmont in the town of Columbus a large Confederate force was stationed, and when Grant had surprised the camp at Belmont these troops began coming across the river to help their comrades.

A fierce fight followed. The Confederates were driven into their camp, Grant had his horse shot under him, but he kept his men moving, and at last the Confederates turned and hastily fled from their camp to the river.

It was a Union victory. It was Grant's first battle in the Civil War and the first that his soldiers had fought. When the boys in blue found they had really won a battle they were so overjoyed that, as the saying is, they completely lost their heads. They rushed about the captured camps firing guns, making speeches and "carrying on" until Grant, to bring them to their senses, set the camp on fire.

While this was going on, the Confederates on the river bank had been reinforced by more troops from across the

river. They turned, spread out their lines and swooping down on the Union troops fairly surrounded them.

At this, Grant's officers and soldiers were greatly alarmed. They supposed, of course, that they were captured.

GRANT AT BELMONT.
"We cut our way in; we've got to cut our way out."

"What shall we do?" they said to him. "We are surrounded."

"Well," said Grant coolly, "We cut our way in, we've got to cut our way out."

And they did. Under their general's lead they pushed down to the river conveying all their wounded men with them and, under a heavy fire got on board the steamers and were soon on their way back to Cairo, victors in their first

battle, though by a very narrow chance. But that chance, you see, was because they had a cool-headed leader.

The battle of Belmont destroyed the rebel plans, broke up their camp, saved the Union posts from attack and, above all, so inspired the men engaged in the fight that, as General Grant himself declares, "they acquired a confidence in themselves that did not desert them through the war."

The battle of Belmont was fought on November 7th, 1861. It was the first step toward breaking into the Confederate lines. At once, General Grant decided to make a still greater step and clear the Confederates away from the two forts they had built on the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers, in Stewart County, northern Tennessee, just where the jog comes that you can find on your map of Tennessee.

If he could capture those two forts he could keep the Confederates from the control of a fertile section of country from which they drew their supplies. It was some time before he could get permission from his superior officers to make the attack. They thought it too risky.

But when, at last, they told him he might try to take Fort Henry, he did not waste a moment. With seventeen thousand men, and seven gunboats to help him, he moved at once on Fort Henry on the Tennessee. On the fifth of February he was before it. But the officer in charge felt that he could not resist an attack and, leaving but a small garrison, he sent his other men, almost without a fight, across country to Fort Donelson, eleven miles away. Then he surrendered

Fort Henry, and Grant, taking command, sent word to his superior officer that he had captured Fort Henry and would take Fort Donelson in a very few days.

This almost took his commanding officer's breath away. The authorities were not used to such quick work. Fort Donelson was a large and strongly-built circle of earth-works, perched a hundred feet above the Cumberland river and protecting all that region. Its capture was considered impossible.

So General Halleck, who was Grant's superior, sent word to him to "hold Fort Henry at all hazards," and sent him also pickaxes and shovels so that he could strengthen the fortifications. But Grant had other plans, and as he was not ordered *not* to take Fort Donelson, he set out to do it.

He knew both the Confederate generals in command at Fort Donelson. He had served with one of them in the Mexican war; he knew all about the other, too, and he felt certain that he knew what they would do—or would not do.

So, at once, with fifteen thousand men, he marched against Fort Donelson and confronted an army of twenty-one thousand men, protected by strong fortifications.

With the gunboats on the river helping him, he set about his work. At first, the gunboats made an attack from the river; but the guns of the fort answered gallantly and the vessels were crippled and driven back.

The Confederates were delighted at this victory, and next

day came pouring out of the fort and began a sharp attack on the Union lines. But General Lew Wallace, who, years after, wrote "Ben Hur," held back the Confederate attack on the right, and, as Grant came hurrying up, the enemy fell back again to their fortifications.

At once he followed up their retreat by ordering his men to charge the Confederate outworks. They did this gallantly. They captured them; and that night the Union soldiers slept within the outer works of Fort Donelson.

That very night the two commanding generals at Fort Donelson, fearing for their lives if they were caught, stole out of the fort by the back way and slipped off with about three thousand men. Next day, General Buckner, whom they left in command, saw that he could not hold Fort Donelson against attack without more help, and sent a note to General Grant asking what terms he would give the Confederates if they gave up the fort.

You remember General Buckner, do you not? He was the officer who climbed the volcano of Popocatapetl with Grant, when they were both young soldiers in Mexico.

Grant knew him, too; but he sent back a note in reply that has become famous:

"No terms," it said, "except unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works."

That settled it. General Buckner knew that Grant meant just what he said and would keep his word; and, on the six-

teenth day of February, 1862, Fort Donelson with seventeen thousand men surrendered to General Grant.

"General," said Buckner to Grant, after the surrender, "if I had been in command, you would not have got up to Donelson as easily as you did."

"General," said Grant to Buckner, "if you had been in command, I should not have tried the way I did."

Which shows, does it not, what an advantage it was for Grant to have served in the Mexican war? He knew the characters of the men he was marching against.

The whole North was delighted at the fall of Fort Donelson. "Who is this man Grant?" they began to ask, and catching sight of his initials — U. S. — they called him, from his famous letter to Buckner, "Unconditional Surrender Grant.'

As for him, he at once advocated another advance. He had broken into the rebel lines at Belmont. He had cleared the rivers by the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson. Now he wished to go a step further and attack the Confederate base of railroad communication at Corinth in northern Mississippi. If he succeeded in this, he would break through their second line of defense.

His army was to be reinforced, and were to gather at Pittsburg Landing on the Tennessee River, twenty-two miles from Corinth. Here he was encamped when Albert Sidney Johnston, the Confederate general and a gallant leader, determined, like Grant, not to wait to be attacked, but to attack.

GRANT AT SHILOH.
Here Grant first felt himself destined for a real leadership.

So, on the sixth of April, with an army of forty thousand men he fell upon Grant's force of twenty-five thousand, striking it at Shiloh church three miles from Pittsburg Landing. There a terrible battle was fought. It was as Grant says "a case of southern dash against northern endurance."

The battle lasted through two days and its story proves the truth of Grant's words. The first day's fight was favorable to the Confederates. Again and again they threw themselves upon the Union lines, which being made up in many cases of new men — "raw recruits" — staggered, broke and gave away. But they reformed again speedily, for their leaders were such fine soldiers as Generals Sherman, McClernand, Wallace and McCook. Through the entire day, from eight o'clock until sunset the Union troops of 25,000 men held at bay the Confederate army of 40,000, well generaled and determined to win.

Before night came General Buell with nearly 20,000 more men. To him the situation looked desperate and he said to Grant, "General, what preparation have you made for retreating?"

And Grant replied confidently, "Why, I haven't given up the hope of whipping them, yet."

It was almost like the answer of the famous John Paul Jones, the plucky sea captain in the American Revolution, who, when called upon to surrender, shouted back, "I haven't yet begun to fight."

As Grant looked over the field at night, rain-soaked,

blood-sprinkled, disadvantageous, with an enemy sleeping in his captured tents, confident of victory, when all but he expected defeat on the morrow, he studied over the situation and said, "We shall win to-morrow. Begin the fight as soon as you can see, and we shall report a victory."

GRANT'S CHARGE AT SHILOH.
From an old war-time print.

It was as he said. The second day's fight was favorable from the start. All day the Confederates were driven back, back, back, fighting for every inch of ground. At three in the afternoon Grant himself led two regiments in a charge; the Confederates broke and ran and the battle of Shiloh ended in a victory for the Union.

It was a victory only because of General Grant's tenacity

— that is, his determination to stick to a thing until he had succeeded — never to acknowledge defeat until he was actually whipped off the field. The victory, as Grant very properly says, "was not to either party until the battle was over." And when it was over the Union soldiers were the victors. The leader of the Confederates, General Albert Sidney Johnston, was killed; the rebels, though daring and enthusiastic fighters, were worn out; "it is possible," says General Grant in his account of the battle, "that the southern man started in with a little more dash than his northern brother; but he was correspondingly less enduring." Shiloh was the victory of endurance and the Union soldiers learned a lesson in this line from their determined and silent general.

So the second line of the Confederate defence was broken and Grant pushed onward for a third move. This was nothing less than to divide the Confederacy east and west by starting at its main centre of communication, the city of Vicksburg on the Mississippi. If that were captured the Mississippi would be freed and the Confederacy cut off from its western base.

It was not set about at once. It was over a year before Grant accomplished his purpose. In spite of his successes thus far in the war, jealousy, calumny and lack of appreciation barred his way. Grant was of slow development, as his story shows, but he had wonderful patience, wonderful persistence and wonderful push — three p's that help to make a great commander.

Because of his victory at Fort Donelson he was made major general of volunteers — and then he was set aside for another officer, only to be speedily reinstated in his command; after Shiloh he was found fault with and almost arrested, only to be given full command again, entrusted with a larger territory and made general in command of the department of the Tennessee. Step by step he worked toward his objective point. Battles were fought, advances made, territory occupied, and, finally, with twenty-five thousand men under his command and a clear field before him he moved against Vicksburg, called from its importance and its strength "the Gibraltar of the Mississippi."

The Confederacy awoke to its danger and tried to stop him. But it was of no use. Grant could not be stopped.

His risk was great. On one side, behind its entrenchments, garrisoning the town, was Pemberton's army, fully as large a force as his own; on the other side, marching toward him with the hope to reinforce or relieve Vicksburg, was Joseph E. Johnston's army, many thousands strong. But Grant never faltered. With Sherman and McPherson as his trusted assistants, he swung round upon the advancing enemy and, at the same time, kept a bold front toward the entrenched foe. He swept around with a resistless rush. Pemberton was driven back into the Vicksburg trenches; Johnston was defeated in three desperate battles. Within twenty days Grant, in five separate battles, beat two armies (who united, might have destroyed him,) seized Jackson, the capi-

MAJOR-GENERAL U. S. GRANT.

From an old-time war-print published after the fall of Vicksburg.

tal of Mississippi, took thousands of prisoners and captured stores of artillery. Having thus separated the two armies of his foemen beyond hope of union, he sat down before Vicksburg to starve it into surrender.

This was on the nineteenth of May, 1863. The end

SPOT WHERE GRANT MET PEMBERTON TO ARRANGE FOR THE SURRENDER OF VICKSBURG.

came speedily. By the first of July the besiegers had reached the outer works, and orders were issued for an assault on the sixth. On the third a white flag appeared on the works and General Grant received a letter from Pemberton, the Confederate commander of Vicksburg, asking for terms of surrender.

To this request Grant returned his customary answer: "The unconditional surrender of the city and garrison. . . I have no terms other than these."

There were no other terms, and on the Fourth of July, 1863, the very day on which in the North occurred the great victory at Gettysburg, Vicksburg surrendered to Grant. The Mississippi river was free from the lakes of Minnesota to the Gulf of Mexico. The tanner's son had become a great and successful general.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW HE FOUGHT IT OUT.

WHEN Vicksburg fell all the North rejoiced. Well might the South have done so, too, could her people have seen, as they do to-day, that in their case failure was success. By that I mean that the South gained, and will gain, more because of the way the Civil War ended than had she won the victories and obtained independence.

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform,"

the old hymn tells us, and in the making of the New America through strife and blood, one of His wonders was

certainly worked out in a mysterious way for the side that did not win.

When the report of the fall of Vicksburg was sent north by the successful general, the land rang with hurrahs. Halleck, the commander-in-chief, who had not always believed in Grant's plans, or always helped them on, telegraphed to him, "Your narration of the campaign, like the operations themselves, is brief, soldierly, and in every respect creditable and satisfactory. In boldness of plan, rapidity of execution, and brilliancy of routes, these operations will compare most favorably with those of Napoleon about Ulm. You and your army have well deserved the gratitude of your country, and it will be the boast of your children that their fathers were of the heroic army which re-opened the Mississippi River."

But even more than this acknowledgment of his ability, Grant prized the congratulations that came from that other great American whose name and fame are so dear to us all to-day, the president — *the* president — Abraham Lincoln. Read his words carefully and see how like that grand and noble man was this letter of thanks sent by him to his successful general.

"My dear General," wrote the president, "I do not remember that you and I ever met personally. I write this now as a grateful acknowledgment for the almost inestimable service you have done the country. I wish to say a word further. When you first reached the vicinity of Vicksburg, I thought you should do what you finally did, — march the

troops across the neck, run the batteries with the transports, and thus go below; and I never had any faith, except a general hope that you knew better than I, that the Yazoo Pass expedition and the like could succeed. When you got below and took Port Gibson, Grand Gulf and vicinity, I thought you should go down the river and join General Banks; and when you turned northward, east of the Big Black, I feared it was a mistake. I now wish to make a personal acknowledgment that you were right and I was wrong. Yours very truly, A. LINCOLN."

Congress, too, sent a vote of thanks to this modest victor, and the legislatures of some of the northern states followed suit. He was made major-general in the regular army, and both the nation and the government awoke to the fact that when, as Lincoln wrote, "the Father of Waters again goes unvexed to the sea," the tide of war had turned indeed, and America had discovered her greatest soldier.

Soon his new plans developed. He was given the command of a great section called the "Military Division of the Mississippi." He wished to strike at another point and relieve the division of the Union army which was almost shut up in Chattanooga, at bay before the Confederates in southern Tennessee. A victory here would relieve the great stretch of fine country between the Alleghany Mountains and the Mississippi River and this was the next campaign that Grant desired to lead.

He acted quickly as soon as his plans were laid and per-

mission obtained from the War Department at Washington. He first arranged a line of supply to get food to the hungry and beleaguered soldiers in Chattanooga — the "cracker line," so the soldier boys called it; then, he drew in some of his men at one point, hurried on reinforcements to another, sent some of the soldiers charging against Mission Ridge, fought a great battle on a hill-top "above the clouds" on Lookout Mountain, hurled his army like a thunder-bolt against the Confederate center at Chattanooga, and so surprised, and dazed the enemy that the Confederate armies who had gathered all about Chattanooga to crush and capture the Union troops, were sent racing for dear life through the mountain gaps into Georgia.

A CONFEDERATE SHARPSHOOTER AT LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

The battle of Chattanooga is said by military critics to have been one of the most remarkable battles in history. It brought to a brilliant ending Grant's well-planned endeavor to secure the great mountain plateau he had aimed for; it made him lieutenant-general and commander-in-chief of

the armies of the United States; it brought him, at once, to the direction of affairs in Virginia, where for three years the genius of Lee had held the northern armies at bay and had overwhelmed in defeat the four generals who had led the Union soldiers to battle.

But now see the modesty, the generosity, the kind-heartedness and appreciation of this remarkable man. He had done it all; his brain had thought out, his hand had worked out all this plan of victory, from Shiloh to Chattanooga. Yet, when he was leaving the West for the East to take his great command he wrote to his best and most beloved assistant, the brave General Sherman, who was to make that remarkable "march to the sea," a letter in which he gave him thanks and credit for the help he had been to him in his western campaign. "No one feels more than I," he said, "how much of this success is due to the energy, skill, and the harmonious putting forth of that energy and skill, of those whom it has been my good fortune to have occupying subordinate positions under me. There are many officers to whom these remarks are applicable to a greater or less degree, proportionate to their ability as soldiers; but what I want is to express my thanks to you and McPherson, as the men to whom, above all others, I feel indebted for whatever I have had of success. How far your advice and assistance have been of help to me, you know. How far your execution of whatever has been given to you to do entitles you to the reward I am receiving, you cannot know as well as I.

I feel all the gratitude this letter would express, giving it the most flattering construction."

Do you wonder that the men who helped him were willing to do their very best when such words as these came to them? In this world, boys and girls, too many men are willing to take to themselves all the credit for what they have a share in. It is a sign of goodness as well as greatness to say to another, "Without your help, I should not have succeeded."

For the first time since his cadet days Grant was in the city of Washington. For the first time in his life he met Abraham Lincoln. The men whose names will ever be joined together as the two greatest Americans of the Nineteenth Century, met quietly and cordially; and, in the president's room at the White House, on the ninth of March, 1864, President Lincoln handed to General Grant the paper which, by act of Congress, made him lieutenant-general of the armies of the United States.

The two men faced each other — the one, tall, angular, ungainly, almost awkward in appearance, but with a face that was full of earnestness and an eye that looked straight into a man's heart; the other, slim, slightly stooping, almost a foot shorter than the president, with a quiet face that showed but little of his great power, and an eye, gray, like Lincoln's, and, like Lincoln's, his most expressive feature.

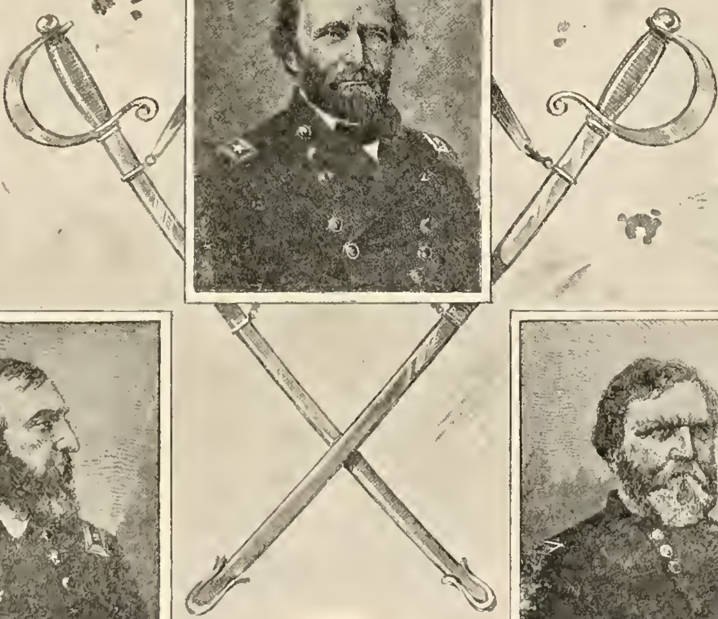
And it is just an indication of the real pride Grant felt in this ceremony that he took with him, not a display of pomp

and circumstance, but simply his boy, his eldest son, whom he wished to have share in his honor and glory.

"General Grant," said the President, handing the soldier his commission, "the nation's appreciation of what you have done, and its reliance upon you for what still remains to be accomplished in the existing great struggle, are now presented with this commission, constituting you lieutenant-general in the army of the United States. With this high honor, devolves upon you, also, a corresponding responsibility. As the country herein trusts you, so, under God, it will sustain you. I scarcely need to add that, with what I here speak for the nation, goes my own hearty personal concurrence."

PRESIDENT LINCOLN HANDING GRANT HIS COMMISSION AS LIEUTENANT-GENERAL.

"Mr. President," General Grant replied, reading the words from a paper in his hand, "I accept the commission with gratitude for the high honor conferred. With the aid of the noble armies that have fought on so many fields for our common country, it will be my earnest endeavor not to disappoint your expectations. I feel the full weight of the



GRANT AND HIS GENERALS.

SHERIDAN. GRANT. SHERMAN.
MEADE. THOMAS.

responsibilities now devolving on me, and I know that if they are met, it will be due to those armies, and above all, to the favor of that Providence which leads both nations and men."

Short, you see, and modest as were all his utterances, was this speech of acceptance in reply to an order that placed him in command and leadership of a mighty army of seven hundred thousand men.

To use this great army to advantage was what General Grant now desired — to make each part of it do something, but especially to make all the parts work together to one end — victory.

"We have worked so much apart, up to this time," said Grant, "that we've been like a balky team, no two ever pulling together" — he just knew how that was, too; Grant was a horseman, you know. So to make all parts of the army, East and West, work together, his plan was to hurl his armies against the Confederate armies; to keep hurling them; to give the enemy no rest; to give him no chance to draw away troops from one part to reinforce another, and, as he declared, "to take no backward step." That was one thing Grant never did — go backward.

In May, 1864, this forward movement was begun. Grant, though directing the movements of all the armies, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, made his headquarters with the army of the Potomac, and that force, though commanded by General Meade, was controlled and directed by Grant.

It took a year for Grant to carry out his plans, but he kept steadily at work. He had quite another piece of work on hand than he had yet attempted — the conquest of General Lee, the greatest general of the Confederacy.

In the way in which he set about this task we can see the greatness of U. S. Grant as a soldier. He always knew and studied the men he was opposed to; each one he met in a different way. And, in Lee, he knew that he was matched against a leader who was bold as well as cautious, determined as well as patient, masterly as well as wily, and, in every way as the old saying has it, "a foeman worthy of his steel."

I shall not describe the terrible fights which made the last year of the Civil War so wonderful a year of battle.

You will read the description for yourselves as you grow older; you can read them with even better understanding than could those who were boys at the time they were fought, or even those who read of them a dozen years after they were fought. For you will read them as a connected story, explained by the light of what we now know as to plan and method, and you will see that Grant's whole plan of campaign was as simple as it was great: "Give the enemy no rest; strike him and keep striking him. The war must be ended and we must end it now."

Directing every great movement; watching every action; at the front oftener than at the rear; mingling with the men in their camp and on the march; sleeping with them on the bare ground; eating with them their humble rations;

advancing always, inch by inch perhaps, but always going toward something, if defeated in one attempt trying it again next day; making the enemy defend himself and not defending himself from the enemy; fearless, though a hater of blood; confident of victory even in the darkest hour; picking

"I SHALL FIGHT IT OUT ON THIS LINE IF IT TAKES ALL SUMMER."
(*From an old war-time picture.*)

the best men as his helpers and sticking to them until they achieved success — this was Grant in Virginia. "Direct as a thunderbolt, tenacious as a bull-dog," as someone said of him, he fought straight on, never halting in his opinion nor wavering in his actions.

"I shall fight it out on this line if it takes all summer,"

he wrote in a letter to the government from the terrible battlefield of Spottsylvania. That announcement thrilled the North; it gave soldiers and people confidence; and the weary president at Washington with a great sigh of relief knew that at last he had a general at the head of his armies upon whom he could rely to the end.

In just thirteen months after the president had handed to General Grant at the White House his commission as head of the army the end came. Sherman had made a path for his army through Georgia and marching to the sea had cut the Confederacy in two; Sheridan, at the head of a wonderful body of cavalry had ridden around Lee's entire army and kept it from running away and from getting any more supplies of food or ammunition; Thomas, at Nashville, held back the western armies of the Confederacy and defeated them so that they could not go to the aid of Lee; Meade, the hero of Gettysburg, marching as Grant's right hand man at the head of the army of the Potomac, executed all the orders of his chief with determination, precision and despatch; and, at the centre of all stood Grant—firm, unyielding, aggressive, imperative; saying a thing and doing it, too; striking, striking, striking — until, at last, in the apple orchard at Appomattox the last stand was made, the last gun fired, the white flag fluttered out and Lee, serene even in defeat, in the little McLean farmhouse met the triumphant general of the Union and surrendered himself and his entire army prisoners of war.

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THE NINTH OF APRIL, 1865.

The meeting of Lee and Grant.

General Grant tells us that he had a dreadful sick headache when Lee's note was handed him asking for an interview to discuss terms of surrender.

"The instant I saw the contents of that note I was cured," he said; and no wonder, was it?

Dressed simply, in a soldier's blouse, without a sword, his general's shoulder straps the only mark of his rank, General Grant met General Lee in McLean's farmhouse and arranged the terms of surrender.

Do you know what those terms were? Before Grant's day a surrender meant a disgrace, a punishment or a terror. Leaders in rebellion were imprisoned, hung or shot; soldiers were penned up like criminals, homes devastated, lands laid waste. Surrender meant savagery.

Now it meant release, relief, friendship. Read what Grant wrote to General Lee at Appomattox Court-House, Virginia, on the ninth of April, 1865.

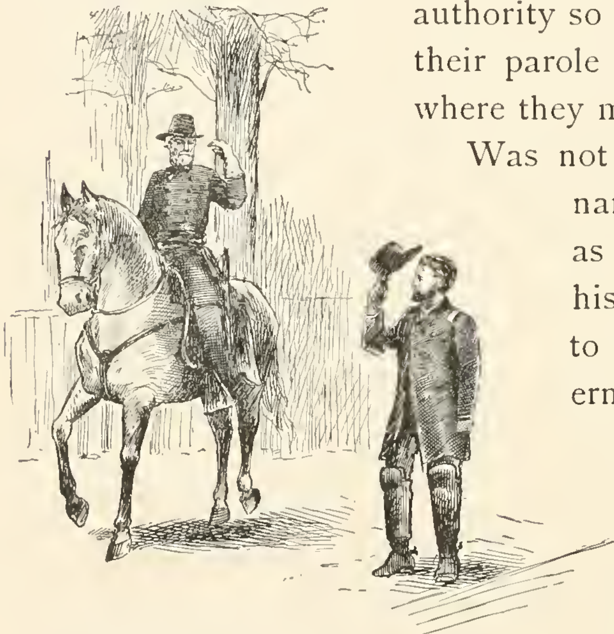
"In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th instant, I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, on the following terms, to wit:

"Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer designated by me, the other to be detained by such officers as you may designate.

"The officers to give their individual paroles not to take arms against the United States until properly exchanged, and each company or regimental commander to sign a like parole for the men of their commands.

"The arms, artillery, and public property to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage.

"This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as they observe their parole and the laws in force where they may reside."



THEY SALUTED LIKE GENTLEMEN AND SOLDIERS.

Was not that generous, magnanimous, great? But, as if to add emphasis to his goodness, Grant said to Lee, when the southern leader told him that some of his men owned their horses, "I will instruct my paroling officers that all the enlisted men of your cavalry and artillery who own horses are to retain them, just as the officers do theirs. They will need them for their spring ploughing and farm work."

"General," said Lee earnestly, "there is nothing you could have done to accomplish more good either for them or for the government."

So you see that one of Grant's kindliest deeds was in connection with horses, of which he was so fond, and farming, at which he had tried his hand.

Then General Lee mounted his horse; he and Grant saluted each other like gentlemen and soldiers; the Confederate chieftain rode back to his army, and the long conflict was over.

As for Grant, he sent to the authorities at Washington this short telegram:

HEADQUARTERS, APPOMATTOX C. H., VA.
April 9th, 1865, 4.30 P. M.

HON. E. M. STANTON, *Secretary of War*,
WASHINGTON.

General Lee surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia this afternoon upon terms proposed by myself. The accompanying additional correspondence will show conditions fully.
U. S. GRANT, Lieut.-General.

"Lee has surrendered!"

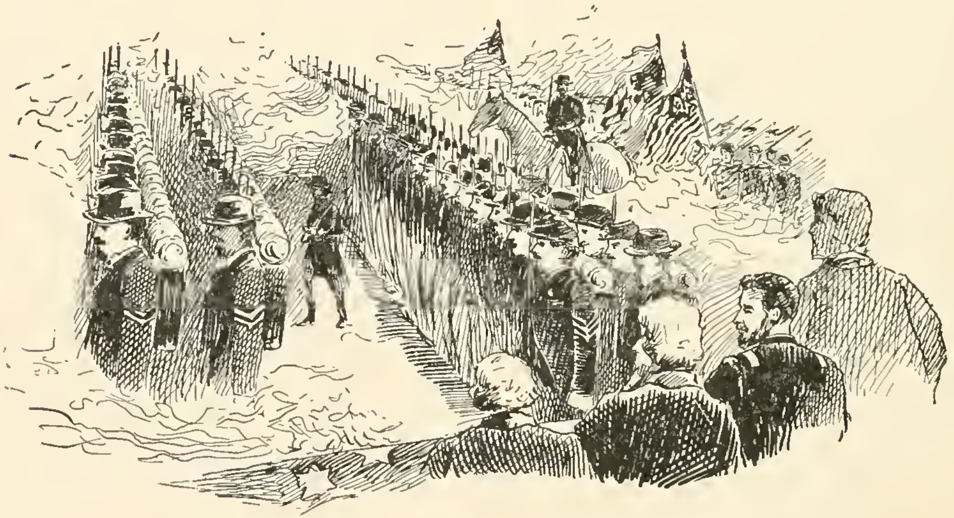
The North was jubilant. Bells rang, salutes thundered, bonfires blazed, there was joy and glorification everywhere, and Grant was the hero of the hour.

In the midst of it all a heavy blow fell on the land. The good president was killed. There is reason to believe that the great general who had led the armies of the Union to victory was also marked for the assassin's bullet; but, fortunately, he escaped by a change of plans, and our greatest martyr, Lincoln the good, was the only victim of the madness of hate. It was a mighty sacrifice.

So peace came. The last hostile shot was fired in

Texas, the last armed rebel to the national authority had surrendered, the grand review of the armies marched for two days before the new president and the general of the army, in Washington, and then as the armies were disbanded and the soldiers were sent to their homes, General Grant, on the second of June, 1865, issued to them his final order.

"Soldiers of the Army of the United States," he said to



AT THE GRAND REVIEW IN WASHINGTON.

them; "by your patriotic devotion to your country in the hour of danger and alarm, your magnificent fighting, bravery, and endurance, you have maintained the supremacy of the Union and the Constitution, overthrown all armed opposition to the enforcement of the laws, and of the proclamations forever abolishing slavery (the cause and pretext of the rebellion), and opened the way to the rightful authorities to

restore order, and inaugurate peace on a permanent and enduring basis on every foot of American soil.

"Your marches, sieges, and battles, in distance, duration, resolution and brilliancy of results, dim the lustre of the world's past military achievements, and will be the patriot's precedent in defence of liberty and right in all time to come.

"In obedience to your country's call, you left your homes and families, and volunteered in its defence. Victory has crowned your valor and secured the purpose of your patriotic hearts; and with the gratitude of your countrymen, and the highest honors a great and free nation can accord, you will soon be permitted to return to your homes and families, conscious of having discharged the highest duty of American citizens.

"To achieve the glorious triumphs, and secure to yourselves, your fellow-countrymen and posterity the blessings of free institutions, tens of thousands of your gallant comrades have fallen and sealed the priceless legacy with their lives. The graves of these a grateful nation bedews with tears, honors their memories, and will ever cherish and support their stricken families."

And thus ended the long and terrible war that had made the tanner's son the greatest soldier of the century.

CHAPTER IX.

HOW THE REPUBLIC GAVE ITS VERDICT.

THE war was over, and U. S. Grant was the hero of the hour. How well I remember the popular enthusiasm that greeted the hero of Donelson and Vicksburg and Appomattox when he came North. I was a boy then and a hero-worshipper — all boys and girls are, if they have any heart and life and love in them. I raced all the way up Broadway beside his carriage, to the old building of the Union League Club where the general was to have a reception, and only my lack of assurance and a sufficient number of years kept me out of the club-house, itself. And when the short, stooping, brown-bearded, quiet-faced man came out on the balcony and bowed to the crowd, oh! how we did cheer. Those were great days for boys in New York.

The victorious general bore his honors modestly. You do not need to be told that. He was never a man to seek publicity or notoriety.

"I don't like this show business," he used to say, when dragged forward to be "exhibited."

After the surrender of Lee, Grant's first thought was to hasten the disbandment of the great armies of the Union; his second was to help the republic of Mexico.

Our former foemen, the Mexicans, against whom Grant had first marched across the border, were in a bad way. The French emperor, Napoleon III., had, by force of arms and

"GRANT WAS THE HERO OF THE HOUR."

contrary to the will of the people, established an empire in Mexico.

The United States, years before, had pledged itself not to let Europe interfere in the affairs of America. This is called

the "Monroe Doctrine," because it was given to the world by President James Monroe — the man who was president of the United States when Grant was born.

This interference in the affairs of Mexico by the Emperor of the French was done in an unfriendly spirit to the United States and at a time when, in the midst of a great civil war, it was especially mean and cowardly.

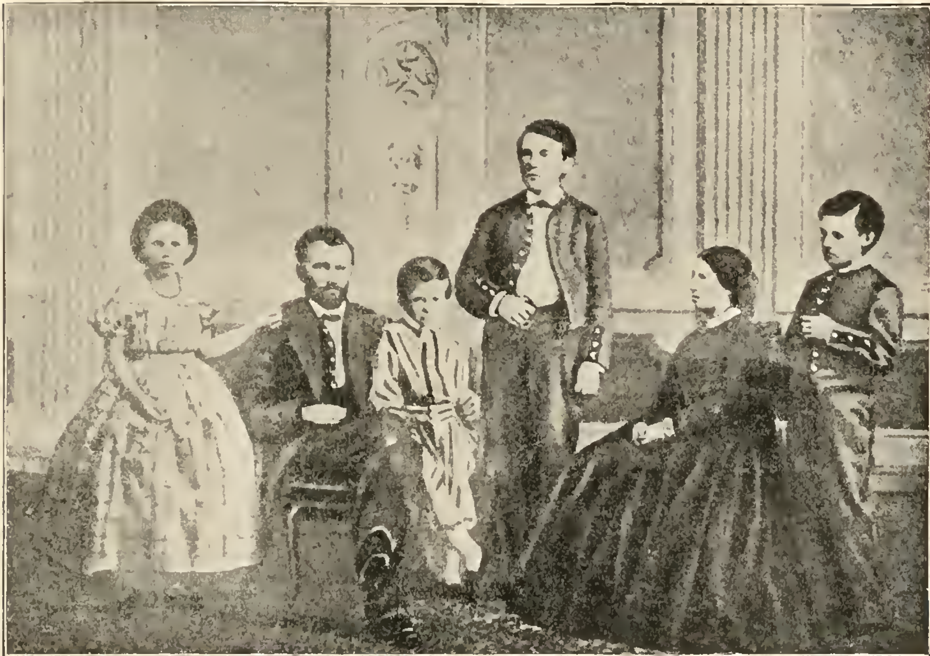
But that was just like Napoleon III., Emperor of the French.

As soon as our war was over and his hands were free, General Grant induced the United States government to show the French Emperor that a sister republic was not to be thus overawed or enslaved without a protest. So, at his suggestion, General Phil Sheridan, the greatest cavalry general of the United States, was sent to the southwest and, with sixty thousand troops was placed upon the Texan border as a strong hint to Napoleon that the French soldiers were apt to get themselves into trouble if they staid much longer in Mexico.

Napoleon had made one of his tools, the Austrian prince, Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico. But when the Emperor of the French saw how the United States felt in the matter and knew that his soldiers might have to face in fight such a general as Grant and such troops as Sheridan's sixty thousand veterans, he, as the old saying has it, "deemed discretion the better part of valor." So he called home to France all his soldiers, and left poor Maximilian to fight his

own battles — which he was, of course, not able to do, because the people of Mexico were opposed to him.

So Maximilian's grand "Empire of Mexico" fell; the poor prince was shot and Mexico, once again, was a free republic — and largely because of Grant's determined actions.



GRANT AND HIS FAMILY.
From an old photograph, issued at the close of the war.

The sad death of Abraham Lincoln made Andrew Johnson, president of the United States.

He was in every respect the exact opposite of the great and good Lincoln.

The result was that President Johnson was soon in hot

water with everyone and his whole term was a constant and unlovely squabble with Congress.

Into this fight he tried hard to drag General Grant. But it was of no use. Grant knew that the president was commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States, and that it was his part as general to yield to his superior officer, a soldier's first duty — obedience.

So he obeyed the president's commands until they touched his honor; then he refused.

This was when President Johnson tried to have General Lee, the Confederate general, arrested for treason, imprisoned and punished.

This was the last thing in the world Lincoln would have done. It was absolutely against Grant's ideas. Besides, he had promised to General Lee and his soldiers, in the name of the American people, freedom from punishment, so long as they obeyed the laws of the land. They were prisoners under parole — that is, they had given their word of honor to do nothing against the United States. To punish them as traitors would be breaking his word, and Grant fought sturdily for kindness toward them and especially for amnesty or pardon to General Lee. Was not that grand?

The nation said it was, and the president had to yield. But he did not like Grant after that.

President Johnson had his first quarrel with Lincoln's stern old war secretary, Stanton. Contrary to the law, he forced Stanton out of office, in August, 1867, and appointed

A BOY'S FIRST VIEW OF GENERAL GRANT.

General Grant, Secretary of War *ad interim*—that is, until a new secretary should be regularly nominated by the president and approved by Congress.

General Grant therefore served as Secretary of War, and during the months in which he occupied that high and important office he performed its duties acceptably and well.

But when Congress met again, in January, 1868, the Senate refused to agree to the president's turning Stanton out of office and he became Secretary of War once more.

Grant had filled the office of Secretary of War, not because he wished to but because the president had ordered him to; and he recognized the president, as I have told you, as his superior officer.

But when President Johnson told General Grant not to obey Stanton, after the great secretary's return to the war office, Grant told the president that he could only obey his orders when put in writing.

"You said you would," said the president. "You promised to do what I asked you."

"I did not," Grant replied, "I simply said I would obey your orders as my commanding officer."

The president began to say spiteful things about Grant, but the great soldier would not be drawn into a quarrel.

"Mr. President," he said "I will do only my duty. I regard this whole matter, from beginning to end, as an attempt to involve me in the resistence of law for which you hesitate to assume the responsibility in orders."

The president could say no more after this bold and blunt declaration. Indeed, he only got deeper into hot water and, soon after, came within a very few votes of being turned out of his high office by Congress — that is, by what is called "impeachment."

Soon after this most unpleasant state of affairs in the government, the time came to elect a new president.

GRANT AND JOHNSON.
"*Mr. President, I will do only my duty.*"

With one voice the National Republican Convention — the same body that had nominated and re-nominated Abraham Lincoln — selected Ulysses S. Grant as its choice, and the vote in the Convention stood six hundred and fifty for Grant, and not one against him!

General Grant did not wish to be president. He enjoyed

his position as General of the Army. To this position, created especially for him and held by no other man since George Washington's day, he had been advanced by Congress on July 25, 1866. It was a life position and gave him a salary of twenty-two thousand dollars a year. Was not that a great change from the days — not seven years before — when he had walked the streets of St. Louis, poor, unrecognized, almost unknown, hunting for work?

He knew what the presidency meant — criticism, worries, troubles, hard work, misunderstandings, enemies, for four years; and then, perhaps, nothing to do.

But Grant was a soldier; he was accustomed to obey orders; in a republic the people rule; they are the masters; to their will obedience is due, and it was because he felt in this way, because he was true and loyal and grand and great that U. S. Grant put aside his own desires, sunk his own preferences and said, "If the people select me as president I must serve." As one writer has said of this decision, "It was the final sacrifice of a patriot."

So, when they came to tell him that he was nominated for the presidency he did not say he could not accept the nomination, that he was not a fit man for it, that he was afraid to assume the responsibilities of the position. He met the order like a soldier; and, like a soldier, accepted it.

"Gentlemen," he said, in the short speech replying to the announcement of his nomination, "being entirely unaccustomed to public speaking, and without the desire to cul-

tivate the power, it is impossible for me to find appropriate language to thank you for this demonstration. All that I can say is, that to whatever position I may be called by your will, I shall endeavor to discharge its duties with fidelity and honesty of purpose. Of my rectitude in the performance of public duties you will have to judge for yourselves by the record before you."

Then he sat down and wrote to the committee of the convention who notified him of his nomination a letter of acceptance which is now one of the famous letters of the world, for in it occurred these words.

"If elected to the office of President of the United States," he wrote, "it will be my endeavor to administer all the laws in good faith, with economy, and with the view of giving peace, quiet and protection everywhere. In times like the present, it is impossible, or at least eminently improper, to lay down a policy to be adhered to, right or wrong, through an administration of four years. New political issues, not foreseen, are constantly arising; the views of the public on old ones are constantly changing, and a purely administrative officer should be left free to execute the will of the people. I always have respected that will, and always shall. Peace, and universal prosperity — its sequence — with economy of administration, will lighten the burden of taxation, while it constantly reduces the national debt. Let us have peace."

"Let us have peace" — those were great words. They

fitted the needs and spirit of the time better than a volume of explanations or a flood of eloquence. And the people applauded them and adopted them as their sentiment and desire.

As General Grant had made no exertion to secure his nomination, so, too, he made no move toward helping forward his election to the presidency.

This was not a war campaign. In that he always led; that moved according to his directions. In the presidential campaign the people were to lead. He was in their hands. If the nation wished him for its chief ruler, the nation must elect him. He would give no help, All of which shows, as I told you in an earlier chapter, that Grant was no politician. He was a soldier, calmly awaiting the call to duty.

It came. The National election, in November, 1868, resulted in the republic's verdict to its greatest soldier: Go up higher! And by an electoral vote of two hundred and fourteen out of three hundred and seventeen — twenty-six states out of thirty-four, Ulysses S. Grant was elected President of the United States.

Standing upon a platform built for the occasion against the splendid east front of the great white capitol at Washington, on Thursday, the fourth of March, 1869, with a great cheering throng before him, with senators and generals and high officials about him and, beside him, those who were dearest to him — his wife and children — General Grant took the oath of office to faithfully administer the duties of his

office during his term as president. Then the guns boomed a salute; the steam whistles shrilled out their applause; the the bands played; the people cheered; and that all meant the old-time hail: "Long live Ulysses S. Grant, President of the United States!"

Then, when things became quiet, President Grant read his inaugural address. It was short — only about a thousand words. But it expressed a firm determination to do his duty and serve the nation, as president, as loyally as he had served it as general.

"I have," he said, "in conformity with the Constitution of our country, taken the oath of office prescribed therein. I have taken this oath without mental reservation, and with a determination to do, to the best of my ability, all that it requires of me.

"The responsibilities of the position I feel, but accept them without fear. The office has come to me unsought; I commence its duties untrammelled. I bring to it a conscious desire and determination to fill it, to the best of my ability, to the satisfaction of the people. On all leading questions agitating the public mind I will always express my views to Congrcss, and urge them according to my judgment, and when I think it advisable, will exercise the constitutional privilege of interposing a veto to defeat measures which I oppose. But all laws will be faithfully executed, whether they meet my approval or not.

"I shall, on all subjects, have a policy to recommend;

none to enforce against the will of the people. Laws are to govern all alike — those opposed to as well as those in favor of them. I know no method to secure the repeal of bad or obnoxious laws so effectual as their strict execution."

As he read, his little daughter Nellie, then just in her "teens," stood beside her father, holding his hand, until someone placed a chair for her, so that she might sit near "her papa the president."

AT THE INAUGURATION.
Nellie Grant and her father.

And after it was over, surrounded by a great and cheering crowd, the new president drove to his new home in the nation's capital — the splendid White House.

His work there as president was quite different from what he had ever been used to as a soldier; and yet, very naturally, he brought into it, the same traits that had made him a great and successful soldier.

As he chose his own lieutenants and helpers in the army, so he wished to select them as president. He asked no

one's advice, took no one into his confidence, but went his way as would a leader of an army planning a campaign of which he alone was the director and head.

People began to talk — that is, the politicians did. They had always been accustomed to having their advice asked, or to having the opportunity to suggest some one they knew for office or appointment.

But Grant went on his solitary way. He made up his first cabinet — his circle of advisers and helpers, you know — to suit himself and not to please the politicians. Then they — the politicians — began to grumble. They called Grant hard names — the dictator, the man on horseback and other things.

But the soldier-president paid no attention to their criticism. He thought he knew what was wanted. He selected his cabinet almost without consultation; every one was surprised at his selections; even those selected had to be argued with to accept, and when one or two were found "not eligible" — that is, not permitted by the laws of the land, to fill the position offered them — no one was more surprised or disappointed than President Grant. Then he understood that a president and a general were quite different. But, all the same, it was a good cabinet, and his administration was a success, notwithstanding all he had to learn and unlearn.

It was during his first administration that the city of Washington was re-made. From a mud-hole it became a

metropolis ; from a shabby country village it became a city of groves and bowers, of boulevards and palaces, of beauty and importance, so that it is, to-day, the most attractive of capitals, the finest winter city in the world, the show town of

THE NEW WASHINGTON AS GRANT MADE IT.

America. And this was largely due to the foresight and planning of U. S. Grant.

But greater than material growth — than the picturesque development of granite and tar and sewer and drain pipes and brick and morter, was the great stride toward peace made by the Republic's greatest soldier.

There was serious trouble with Great Britain. England had not used us well during the great civil war. From her ports had sailed rebel war-ships to destroy our merchant vessels and drive our commerce from the sea.

Of course our government objected and said England had hurt us. And, after the war was over, the United States government demanded satisfaction from Great Britain. This was refused. There was grumbling and quarrelling on both sides of the sea; there was even talk of war.

President Johnson had sadly bungled; President Grant took things in hand. He clearly saw the right and wrong of the whole matter; he refused to acknowledge the justice of England's position; he formed his plan for settlement as wisely and as directly as he did his plans for battle.

He made the United States responsible for all demands upon Great Britain so that private claims might be counted out and the trouble brought down simply between the two governments. Then he demanded from Great Britain justice — that was all.

Our mother-country and old-time enemy objected; she twisted and turned; but she did not wish war. Finally Great Britain yielded a point in the dispute. Then Grant pushed on another — just as he had "inched on" towards Vicksburg and Richmond.

At last, a commission of five Americans and five Englishmen was appointed to talk over the matter. That was Grant's first great victory. It decided that the United

States was right in making its complaints, and a treaty was signed the eighth of May 1871, called the treaty of Washington which gave satisfaction to the United States.

Then the main question of whether Great Britain was responsible for the damage done by rebel warships fitted out in English ports was submitted for decision — we call it

THE CITY OF GENEVA IN SWITZERLAND WHERE THE COURT OF ARBITRATION MET.

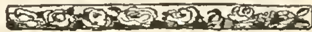
arbitration, now — to a court made up of five picked men from the United States, Great Britain, Italy, Switzerland and Brazil.

This court of arbitration met at Geneva in Switzerland and in September 1872, after long discussions, decided that Great Britain was in the wrong and must pay to the United

States over fifteen millions of dollars to make good the damage she had done.

This was Grant's second great victory. It was peace instead of war; honorable settlement instead of blood and blows as in the old days.

"I shall never fire another gun in anger," said U. S. Grant, and to his unchanging desire and invincible will came this great and notable victory of peace with honor — to both sides.



CHAPTER X.

HOW THE TANNER'S SON SERVED THE SECOND TIME.

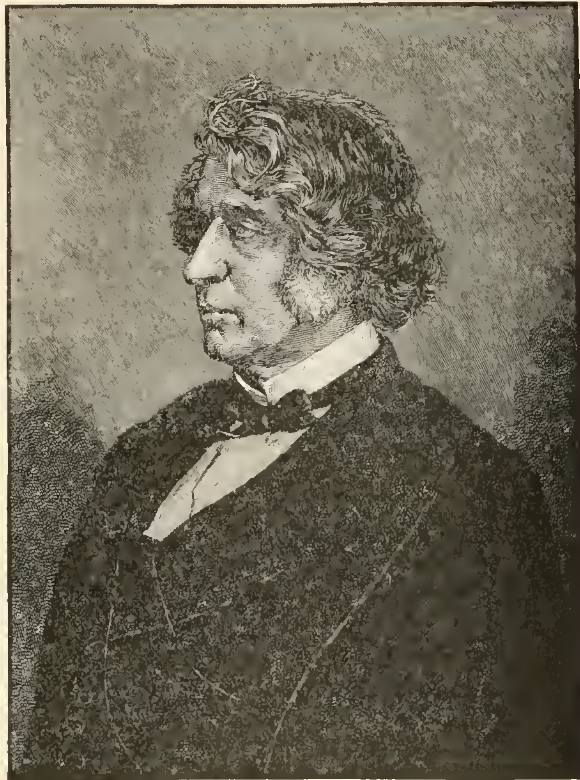
WAS there ever a girl or boy who did not say to his or her playmate "I am mad at you" or "I won't play with you?" Very few, I suspect. It is not a good state of mind to be in, or a nice thing to say — but it's the way of the world, and, as some old poet has said, "the child is father to the man."

That means, of course, that what children do, grown folks sometimes do, as well. They get "mad" and call names just as they did when they were boys. And sometimes it is old friends who do this.

Though the people liked and honored Grant, the politi-

cians did not. Even some statesmen, who ought to have been broader-minded and clearer-sighted than politicians, did not like "Grant's way."

They said he was running the office to suit himself; that he wanted to have all the say and become a tyrant or a dictator; that he was not re-uniting the North and South in the right way; that he was only looking out for his own friends in the government; that he was trying to make the party in power like a great machine in which he held the lever. They said — well, in fact they said about everything that was disagreeable, either because they were "mad," like foolish boys and girls, or because they thought they knew better themselves how to do things, or because they were on the other side in politics and felt bound to find fault with the side in power, or because they



CHARLES SUMNER.
A statesman who did not like "Grant's way."

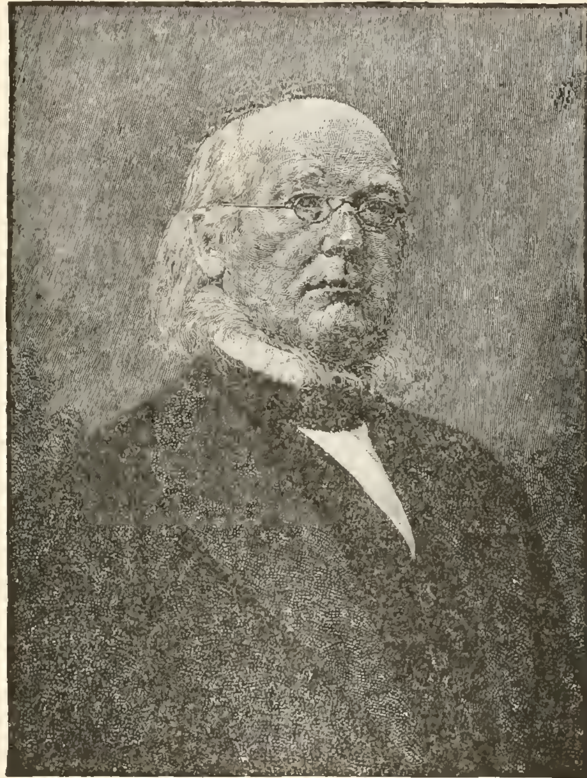
honestly felt that the way things were being done was not for the good of the country. It takes all kinds to make up the world, you know.

But Grant went on in his own direct way. He felt that he was doing the best for the country, and, when he believed that, nothing could move him.

He had certain simple views about "running the government." He wished to put into office men who were friendly to him and who would carry out his ideas; he wished to make the republic strong at home and abroad; he wished it to be honest in money matters and to keep all the promises it had made when it had to borrow great sums of money to pay for carrying on the war. As a result, he had done many excellent things as president. He had made mistakes, perhaps; every one makes some mistakes, you know; but see what he had accomplished as president of the United States during the four years he had held the office. He had paid a great slice of the public debt — that was the money borrowed by the republic to carry on the war; he had lowered the taxes — the money that each man has to pay towards carrying on the government; he had tried to put only honest and good men into office and to cut down the running expenses — that is what we call "honesty and economy in the public service;" he had been so strong and sure a captain, with his hand on the rudder of the ship of state, that business had improved and the people, at home and abroad, had confidence that the great American Republic

would keep all its promises, pay all its debts, recover from all the harm done by those terrible years of war and become greater, stronger, richer and more powerful than ever.

So, you see, the people believed in Grant; and when his first four years as president were nearly over, even though the other party wished a change — just because it was the other party, you know, and though the discontented ones in his own party growled and grumbled and wished a change, also, the people of the republic in great numbers said, "Let us have Grant again for president. He is a safe man and the best man."



HORACE GREELEY.
Grant's chief critic in his second campaign and his opponent for the presidency.

So, at the National Republican Convention which met at Philadelphia on the fifth of June 1872, U. S. Grant was unanimously nominated as the candidate of the party for president of the United States for a second term.

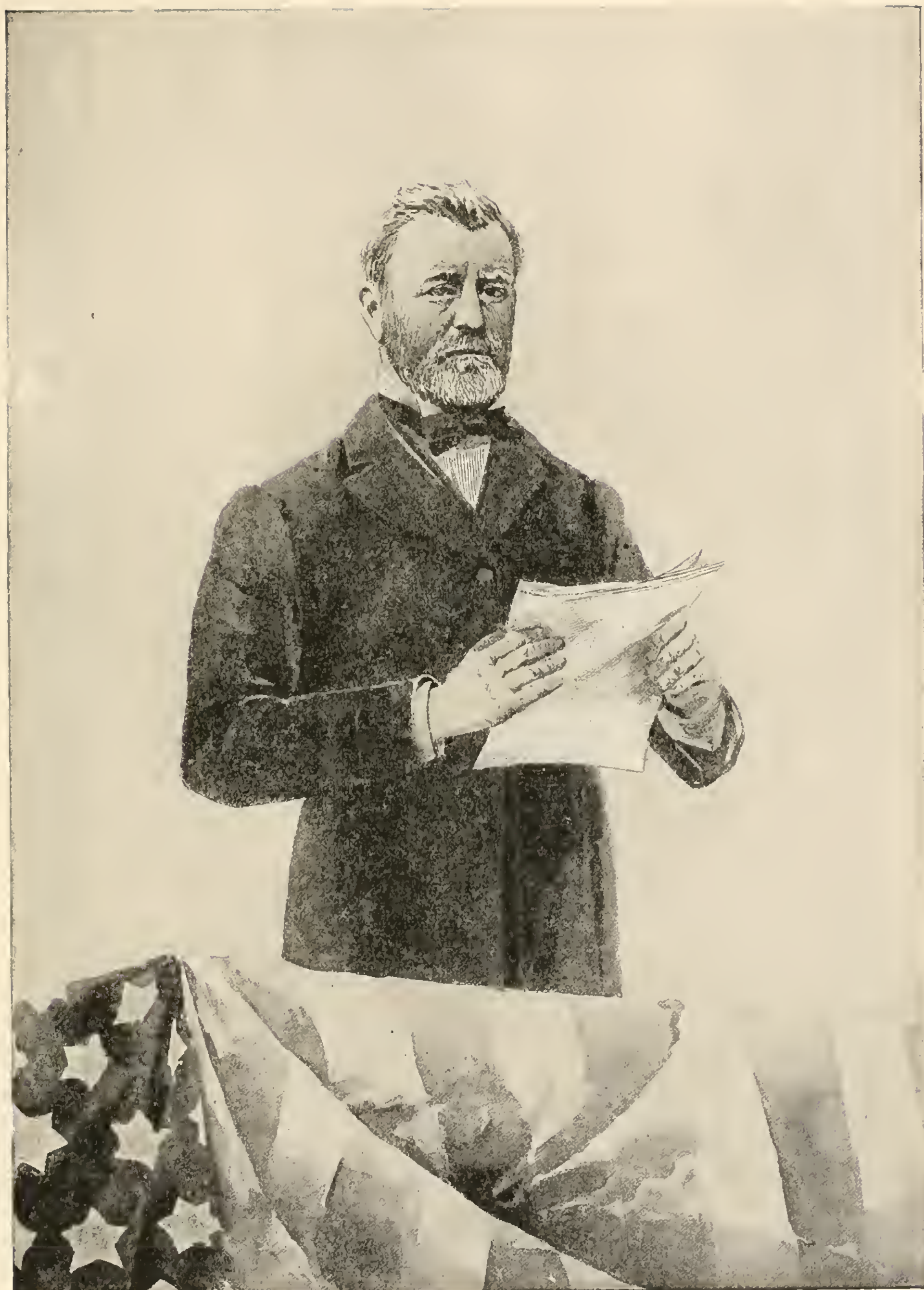
Of course he was re-elected. Although the "mad," the discontented, the dissatisfied, the jealous, the angrily-critical and the honestly-critical men in his own party joined with the hostile men in the other party, their efforts failed and Grant was re-elected president by a vote of two hundred and eighty-six out of three hundred and forty-nine electoral votes and by a popular majority of nearly eight hundred thousand.

It was a cold, bleak, raw and wintry day when he stood up to deliver his second inaugural. But he stood before the people stalwart, determined, but modest and unassuming, as if to show the people that he knew his duty to be the republic's need, and to do it however the wind of opposition might blow or the cold of criticism cut and sting.

He knew that he was right; and, standing there, he said, sorrowfully but feelingly: "From my candidacy for my present office in 1868, to the close of the last presidential campaign, I have been the subject of abuse and slander, scarcely ever equalled in political history. This, to-day, I feel I can afford to disregard, in view of your verdict, which I gratefully accept as my vindication."

So he took the oath of office the second time; again the drums beat, the guns boomed and the people cheered; and again Ulysses S. Grant, the tanner's son, entered the White House, president of the United States for the second time.

Once more he entered upon that high office not because he liked it or wished for it, but because he felt it to be his duty; once more, so he believed, the people had selected



PRESIDENT GRANT DELIVERING HIS SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

him to act for them and to look after their affairs and he intended to serve them honestly and well; once more he found things that must be done and he set about doing them.

Two of these were, what was called, the reconstruction of the South and the money question. To both of these he gave much thought and care, and the time will come when the work of President Grant on both these difficult matters will be set down as the work of a statesman and a great ruler.

Very few boys think alike; very few men think alike. It is because people differ that the world goes on.

So, when men in office or in power or in politics or in business have a question to settle, they are apt to differ about it and discuss it, until some decision is reached.

There never was a harder question to settle than how to make the southern States which had been in rebellion good Union States again. Probably if Lincoln had lived there would not have been so much trouble; but, for some good reason, God thought it best to have us work out the problem without that kindly, kingly soul.

So President Johnson muddled it up, and so stirred up things that the southern people, who had been ready to grasp the hand of peace that Grant stretched out at Appomattox, were changed by Johnson's mistakes and demanded where they should have asked.

This made it hard to settle things, for though none who

had been rebels against the national authority had been punished, all had seen that justice must be done.

For nearly eight years Grant had to face the question what to do in the South.

When the people of the South tried to make things go the way they wished them and were unjust, harsh and cruel to the black men whom the nation had set free, and the white men who differed from them, Grant, who tried to see the matter from their side as well as from his own, said that he did not wish to do anything that should distress or hurt them, but, he added, in much the same way that he had said "unconditional surrender" at Donelson "I will not hesitate to exhaust the powers vested in the executive, whenever and wherever it shall become necessary to do so, for the purpose of securing to the citizens of the

WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.
Hero of the "March to the Sea"; successor to Grant as General of the army of the United States.

United States the peaceful enjoyments of the rights guaranteed to them by the Constitution and the laws."

That was stern talk. It was the word of a soldier, and it was kept like a soldier.

There were terrible times in the South. It was years before matters were smoothed out, and the hatred and anger and wickedness that were a part of the story of Southern progress died down. For, you must know this, boys and girls — no good thing is ever done for the world, no great result ever reached, nothing really worth having is ever obtained without worry, trouble, suffering and loss. But the end came in time. And the new America, the real union of states, the true and mighty republic, will, when you are men and women, be found to have come to grandeur at last largely because of the determined, unyielding and noble stand of the soldier-president Ulysses S. Grant who, with his firm hand, taught the people the value of obedience to law and the greatness of a patriotism that knew neither North nor South — nothing but the Republic.

In the same way he settled the money troubles. The public debt was great; the needs of the country were great; the year 1873 was a dark and trying one. Some of the leaders thought they saw a way out by making more money, even if it cheapened our dollar and broke the nation's solemn promise to pay its debts in honest money. This was what was called the "inflation of the currency"—that is, swelling it in amount but not in real value.

Grant saw how this would, in a way, help the country out of its difficulties, but the more he studied it the more he felt certain that it would not be just or right. And when, in 1874, the Congress passed a bill of this sort, which should make paper money or "currency" as good as gold, he vetoed it — that is, he refused to sign it, and sent it back to Congress with these words: "I am not a believer in any artificial method of making paper money equal to coin when the coin is not owned or held ready to redeem the promise to pay; for paper money is nothing more than promises to pay."

That sounds like Ulysses S. Grant does it not? He was the soul of honor and of truth.

Arbitration — the settlement of disputes by peaceful discussion instead of by the terrible clash of war, was the victory of Grant's first administration.

The veto of the inflation bill — honesty in money matters — was the victory of Grant's second administration.

And when men whom he had trusted, men whom he had placed in high position and honored with his confidence and his faith, proved themselves weak and unable to resist temptation; when they joined with others to do the nation harm by using their high position for selfish and base ends — in other words, to put money in their pockets by using their position as the means, without care or thought as to their duty to the republic — then the president, like the soldier he was, put justice before friendship, and duty above regard

and, though he knew those he had held as friends might be brought to justice, said simply: "Let no guilty man escape."

In his second administration came the close of the first one hundred years of the life of the republic — the Centennial anniversary of the founding of the United States of America.

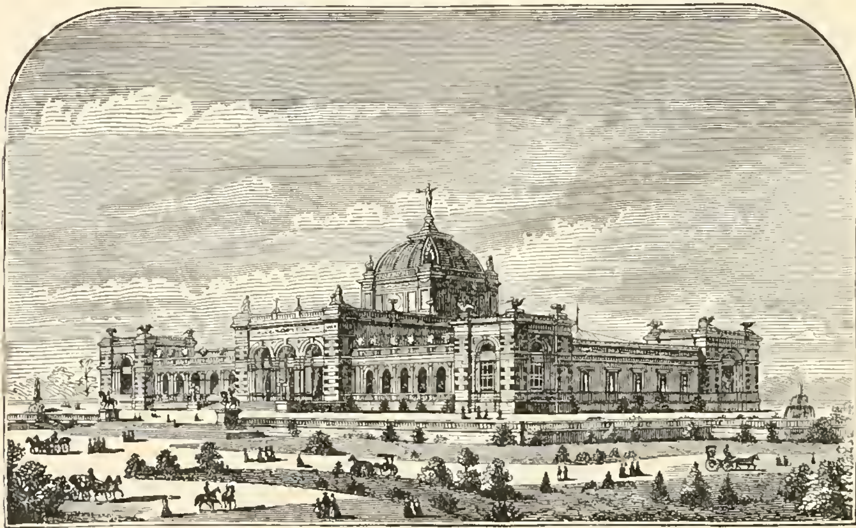
The nation celebrated the event grandly. In every town and village in the land the Fourth of July, 1876, was observed with especial honor. In the city of Philadelphia, in which, one hundred years before, the Declaration of Independence had been signed, and America proclaimed free, a six-month's exhibition of the world's progress and the world's work was displayed. And this great Exposition was opened and set going by the man whose head and hand had done so much toward preserving independence and keeping whole the union of the states — its defender and ruler, President Grant.

"LET NO GUILTY MAN ESCAPE."

The second administration of Grant drew toward its close. And when people began to talk about who should be president after that, there were those all through the nation who said: "No one can succeed him. Let us have Grant for a third term."

They had said the same thing about Washington, you know.

But Washington, you remember, would not serve a third time. He told the people that they were able to make a wise choice and that they must get a new president. It was not wise or right to keep putting the same man in the presi-



MEMORIAL HALL, PHILADELPHIA.
Erected as a memorial of the Centennial Exposition and anniversary year of 1876.

dent's chair. It was not good for him or for the nation. And then, you know, he issued his grand Farewell Address.

President Grant did not issue a farewell address. He was a much younger man than was Washington when his second term closed, and he did not feel that the occasion called for any such action.

But he did see that it was not a wise thing to listen to the voice of those who cried "once more." He did feel that

if he should allow his name to be used again as a candidate, it would, in a way, force the party to nominate him, and this he believed to be a very bad thing for the country. For, if one man is able to say to the people "you must keep me as a president," in time the republic would be no better than a tyranny and freedom would be in danger.

So, though it meant loss and sacrifice to himself, he put aside all personal wishes or desires and said very firmly: "I will not serve as president for the third time. Choose someone else, and let me be a plain citizen of the United States once more."

It turned out when he would not let his name be used, that it was not so easy to choose a new man.

There was great difference of opinion; and when the time came for a change there were many who wished to see the other party succeed. Two good and wise men were selected as candidates — one by the Republican and one by the Democratic party.

But, so close was the election, that when election day was over, the votes were so nearly even and there were so many disputes about the voting that it was impossible to say which candidate was elected.

The matter had to go to Congress for settlement. They appointed fifteen men to go over the whole matter and decide. This was called the Electoral Commission and they went carefully over all the facts and figures trying to decide. But even then they differed about the matter — seven of

them saying that the Democratic candidate was elected and eight of them that the Republican candidate was elected.

The majority decided it. The Republican candidate was declared elected. But even then those on the other side were not satisfied. They said that the Democratic candidate had really won and that the decision of the eight men should not be accepted.

For a few days things looked threatening. Men talked wildly. But, in the president's chair at Washington, sat a man who could not be moved by talk and bluster. Whatever was the law that would Grant enforce.

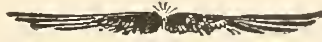
If the fifteen men had said that Mr. Tilden, the Democratic candidate, had been elected, President Grant would have seen to it that Tilden was inaugurated president. A majority of the fifteen men had said that Mr. Hayes, the Republican candidate, was the rightful president. It was the duty of President Grant to enforce the will of the majority, and he took every step necessary to secure the inauguration of Hayes.

"Let us have peace" his action meant again. "But we will have justice."

To the everlasting honor of Mr. Tilden let it be said that he sided with President Grant in working to still the loud talkers and act for peace. He would do nothing to help on the disturbing element, and, with Ulysses S. Grant in the White House, the disturbers dare not disturb.

His firmness and determination to carry out the will of

the people as decided by the majority of the fifteen let the country know that it would be carried out. The growls of disappointment grew weak; the threats of the disobedient ones died away, and Ulysses S. Grant, soldier-president to the last, handed over his great office to his successor, President Hayes, and became a plain citizen — Mr. Grant, once more.



CHAPTER XI.

HOW ULYSSES SAW THE WORLD.

IS there any boy or girl who does not like a vacation? Perhaps such a curiosity does exist somewhere, but I have never seen one; have you?

No matter how much we enjoy our work or our study, no matter what may be our occupation in life, a rest is always welcome, a change is always pleasant.

It is so with boys and girls; it is so with men and women; you know the old rhyme.

> "All work and no play
> Makes Jack a dull boy."

It had been lots of hard work and very, very little play for U. S. Grant all through his life. And from 1860 to 1876

he had been so busy as soldier, as general, as conqueror, as secretary, as president, that life had been as crowded with work as it had been filled with honor.

So, when the quiet of private life came, after the rush and worry of public station, the general looked about for some way in which he could get change of scene and occupation.

You remember, do you not, the reason why Ulysses the boy was willing to go to West Point? Because of the journey there. It would give him a chance to see the world, he said, and he was even ready to accept the risk and work of West Point at the end, for the sake of the journey East and all the sights and scenes he would see on his way to the Military Academy on the banks of the Hudson.

LORD BEACONSFIELD.
Prime minister of England at the time of Grant's visit.

This desire to travel and to see new places was with him all his life. So when his presidential terms were ended and he had time and leisure for the first time in all his busy life, he declared that he meant to see the world.

When the government which he had served so well knew his desire and intention, it would have sent him across the sea in a special ship, setting apart one of our men-of-war for this purpose.

But show and circumstance were just what General

Grant wished to avoid. Always the most modest and retiring of men in private life, he wished to go abroad simply as an American citizen on a visit to his daughter.

For you must know that this dearly-loved daughter Nellie — the girl who had stood beside him when he was first inaugurated president — had been married in the White House. She had married a young Englishman and had gone to England to live. One of the general's chief reasons for his trip abroad was to visit Nellie.

WILLIAM I.
Emperor of Germany at the time of Grant's visit.

So, on the seventeenth of May, 1877, General Grant with his wife and his son Jesse sailed from Philadelphia on the steamer "Indiana" of the American line, en route for England and the Continent.

I speak of him here as General Grant. It is natural. With all his high record as a just and wise president, it is as General of the Armies of the Republic that he is most famous; it is as general that the world speaks of him, to-day.

It is still, with us, as it was with General Sherman, his loved and splendid assistant, when, in Philadelphia, he made the farewell speech to his old chief as a large company assembled to bid Grant good-bye and God speed.

"While you, his fellow-citizens," said General Sherman, "speak of him and regard him as ex-President Grant, I can-

not but think of the times of the war, of General Grant — President of the United States for eight years — yet I cannot but think of him as the General Grant of Fort Donelson. I think of him as the man who, when the country was in the hour of its peril, restored its hopes when he marched triumphant into Fort Donelson. After that, none of us felt the least doubt as to the future of our country, and therefore, if the name of Washington is allied with the birth of our country, that of Grant is forever identified with its preservation, its perpetuation. It is not here alone, on the shores of the Delaware, that the people love and respect you, but in Chicago and St. Paul, and in far-off San Francisco, the prayers go up to-day that your voyage may be prosperous and pleasant. God bless you, and grant you a pleasant journey and a safe return to your native land."

That was a pleasant and friendly "send-off" from an old comrade, was it not? And General Sherman meant it all, for he loved and honored General Grant.

But if the United States government could not prevail upon General Grant to go to Europe in a war-ship, specially set apart for his use, it did intend that the people across the Atlantic should have the opportunity to make the general's journey an enjoyable one. To do this, word was sent to all the men abroad who were the agents or representatives of the United States in Europe — our ministers and consuls, they are called — in a note from the Secretary of State at Washington. It read as follows:

"GENTLEMEN,— Ulysses S. Grant, the late President of the United States, sailed from Philadelphia on the 17th inst. for Liverpool.

"The route and extent of his travels, as well as the duration of his sojourn abroad, were alike undetermined at the time of his departure, the object of his journey being to secure a few months of rest and recreation after sixteen years of unremitting and devoted labor in the military and civil service of his country.

EX-PRESIDENT GRANT.
From a photograph taken at Galena, Ill., after his return from his trip around the world.

"The enthusiastic manifestations of popular regard and esteem for General Grant shown by the people in all parts of the country that he has visited since his retirement from official life, and attending his every appearance in public from the day of that retirement up to the moment of his departure for Europe, indicate beyond question the

high place he holds in the grateful affections of his countrymen.

"Sharing in the largest measure this general public sentiment, and at the same time expressing the wishes of the President, I desire to invite the aid of the diplomatic and consular officers of the Government to make his journey a pleasant one should he visit their posts. I feel already assured that you will find patriotic pleasure in anticipating the wishes of the department by showing him that attention and consideration which are due from every officer of the Government to a citizen of the Republic so signally distinguished both in official service and personal renown."

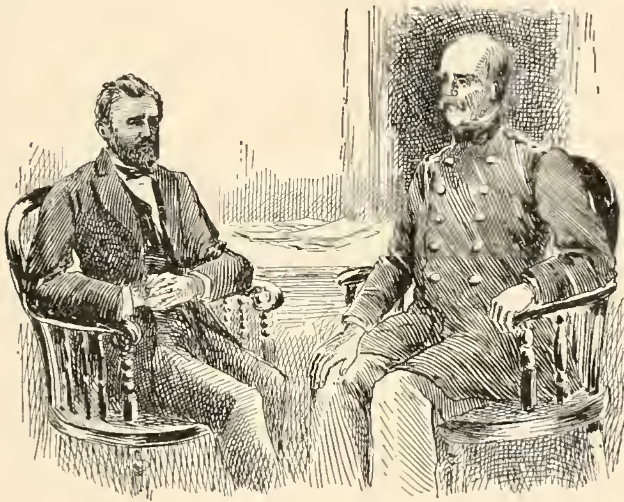
THE NORMAN GATE.
At Windsor Castle.

This note put every one on the lookout for the great American general. It is very likely that, if General Grant had been asked, he would have preferred to go about without any one knowing it, just "on his own hook," you know. But, certainly, this preparing the way for his coming must have made his visit and his journeying all the more enjoyable.

He travelled everywhere that he cared to; he saw everything there was to see; and the best of it was he did not have any one to find fault with him because he lingered here or loitered there, as when he first saw the world as a

boy, on his way to school at West Point. Then, you remember, he stopped so long in Philadelphia and New York "seeing the sights" that his folks at home scolded him for loitering. Now, there was no one to scold him; he was the head of his class.

He found all the doors open and every one ready to welcome him. He visited the Queen of England at splendid Windsor castle; he called on the Emperor of Germany at Berlin, he met the soldier president of France, General MacMahon, at Paris, he was the guest of the boy-king of Spain at Vitoria, and the king of Portugal at Lisbon. He talked with the Pope at Rome and with the king of Italy, too. The king of Denmark at Copenhagen, the king of Sweden at Stockholm, the Emperor of Austria at Vienna, all said, "how do you do," in their most royal style, and the Czar of Russia at St. Petersburg welcomed him as a "great and good friend," as the letters between kings and presidents always say.



GRANT AND BISMARCK.

In all of these interviews Grant bore himself modestly

but manfully. His hosts respected and honored him, and felt that it was quite as great a privilege to see and talk with the foremost American soldier as it was for him to see and talk with them.

For, of course, it was a privilege, and as such General Grant regarded it. To dine with the Queen of England, to discuss military matters and affairs of state with Bismarck, to exchange greetings and opinions with the Pope — these opportunities were most welcome to so keen a student of men as General Grant; but I am certain that, quite as much as royal interviews and princely festivities, did this sturdy American citizen appreciate and enjoy his chances to see and talk with the common people. For the people, whatever is their condition and whoever are their rulers, make up the nation, and their life and talk show what the spirit of that nation really is.

So when Grant was in England, no occasion so gratified him as the greeting he received from hundreds of thousands of British workingmen. For it was the workingmen of England, you must know, who in the darkest days of our Civil War held firmly to the side of liberty and union, even though their living depended on the trade in American cotton and though the Confederacy made all sorts of brilliant promises if England would only recognize and befriend it. It was the workingmen of England who kept off this recognition until the cause of free labor triumphed over slave labor, and the spirit of union over that of disunion.

You can therefore easily understand why Grant was so delighted with his greeting by the workers of England. He was a worker himself. He knew what it was to toil and sweat over his day's "job" and he spoke from his heart

WINDSOR CASTLE, THE HOME OF THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

when he replied to the address of welcome from the workingmen of England.

"There is no reception I am prouder of," he said, "than this one to-day. I recognize the fact that whatever there is of greatness in the United States, or indeed in any other

country, is due to the labor performed. The laborer is the author of all greatness and wealth. Without labor there would be no government, no leading class, nothing to preserve. With us, labor is regarded as highly respectable. When it is not so regarded, it is that man dishonors labor.

By permission of the "Ladies Home Journal."
GRANT ADDRESSING THE WORKINGMEN AT NEWCASTLE, ENG.

"We recognize that labor dishonors no man; and no matter what a man's occupation, he is eligible to fill any post in the gift of the people. His occupation is not considered in the selection of him, whether as a lawmaker, or an executor of the law. Now, gentlemen, in conclusion, all I can do is to renew my thanks to you for the address, and to repeat what I have said before, that I have received nothing from any class since my arrival on this soil which has given me more pleasure."

So when he came to Newcastle, in the great coal and

iron district of England, the city had a holiday. English workers greeted an American worker; to his victorious arm they felt that much of their own prosperity might be due. They hailed him with banners and with cheers as "the Hero of Freedom;" and Grant, standing on a platform in the midst of these shouting thousands spoke the message of peace from America to England—the great and happy hope that was ever in his mind. For our greatest soldier was also our greatest peace-lover.

From May, 1877, to November, 1878, General Grant was in Europe. Besides his trip to the Continent he spent much of the time visiting his dear daughter Nellie at her English home.

Then he began to think of America. But the president of the United States saw how much good this visit of General Grant was doing for America, in what he did, what he said, and in his being seen and heard as the foremost American of his day; so the president expressed a wish that General Grant would keep on his travels and would visit those far eastern lands where an American was scarcely known or understood by the millions of people so different from Americans in speech, customs, religion and life.

This changed General Grant's plans. He decided to come home by the way of Asia and make his journey a trip around the world.

With United States government vessels placed at his service whenever he desired, with kings and consuls wait-

ing to receive him, and with eyes open to all that was curious, all that was notable and all that was interesting in those old lands that were new to him, General Grant, with his wife and eldest son, sailed from Marseilles in Southern France on the twenty-fourth of January, 1879, for what is known to us as the Far East — though really if you live in California or on the Pacific coast it is the Nearest West!

It was a most extraordinary trip. It did not exactly reach up to Greenland's Icy Mountains (although the general, you know, had been to the Land of the Midnight Sun) but it did touch India's Coral Strand, and others of those far away regions which the old hymn writer had in mind when he said of them:

> "Where all the prospect pleases
> And only man is vile."

The men who met and welcomed General Grant on his Oriental tour however were not at all vile; they were courteous, interested and full of big-worded compliments.

In India, in Siam, in China and in Japan, Grant met a quick and friendly welcome, even though the princes and people he saw were as opposite to him as possible in nature and in looks, and though, with the inability of people who live under a tyranny to understand the people who live under a republic, they persisted in looking upon him and referring to him as the "King of America." Imagine Grant, the most democratic of men, being hailed as king!

By permission of the "Ladies Home Journal."

GENERAL GRANT LANDING AT NAGASAKI, IN JAPAN.

Welcomed like a king, housed like a king, treated like a king, Grant went from one strange land to another, studying men and manners, customs and laws, more interested in the viceroy of China than in the ruins of Rome, more impressed by the people of Siam than by all the famous paintings in the galleries of Europe. For General Grant was always a student of men rather than of books, and a lover of the people of the world rather than the beauties of nature. Bismarck was more interesting to him than Niagara, the Mikado of Japan than Mount Blanc.

From Marseilles to Bombay, from Bombay to Calcutta, from Rangoon to Hong Kong, from Hong Kong to Canton, from Canton to Shanghai, from Shanghai to Peking, from Peking to Tokyo and from Tokyo home. This, with stops at many important and intermediate places, was the journey of Grant in the East. He saw the Parsee sun worshippers of the Towers of Silence; he rode on elephant-back to the sacred Ganges; he saw the places made famous by the terrible Sepoy rebellion in India; he saw the gate at Lucknow through which Jessie Brown heard the slogan that brought the pipers and relief to that beleagured city; he toasted, in the British colony of Hong Kong "the friendship of the two great English-speaking nations of the world — England and America;" he swung through the curious streets of Canton in a latticed bamboo chair; he saw his name coupled with those of Washington and Lincoln on the street-mottoes of Shanghai; he talked long and pleasantly

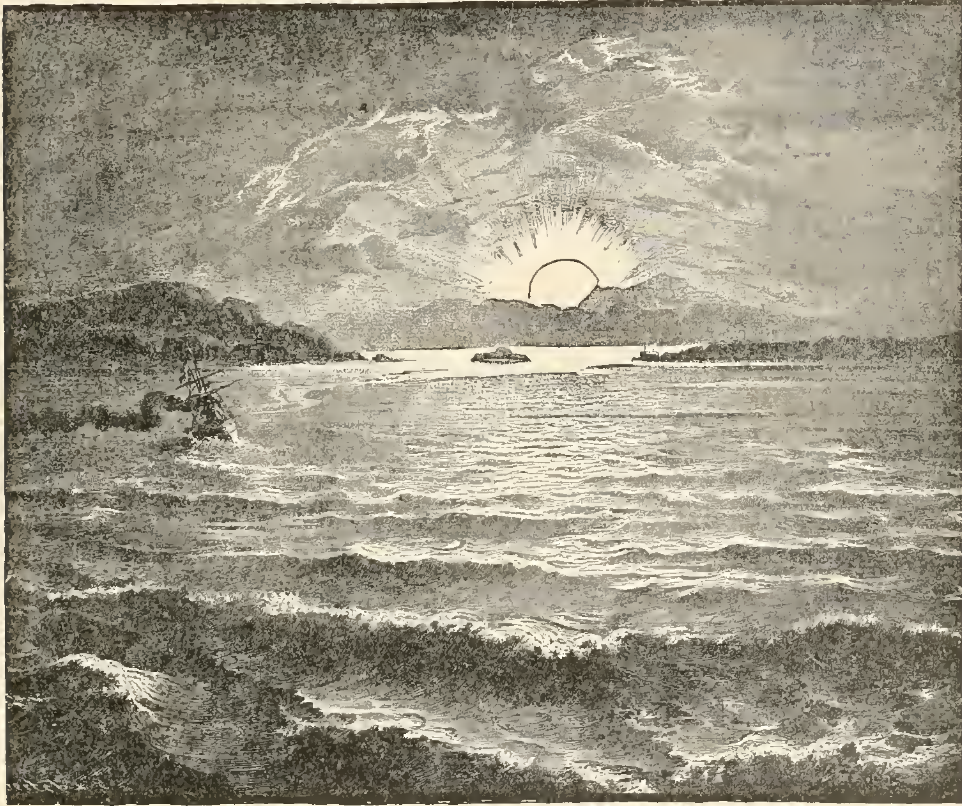
with the great Viceroy of China, Li Hung Chang, and, leaving the United States war-ship in the beautiful harbor of Nagasaki, he rode over the green hills of Japan and visited in his own palace of Enriokwan, the young Mikado of Japan — that hidden mystery of Eastern royalty, who, for the

THE GATE AT LUCKNOW, INDIA.
Through which relief came in the great Sepoy Rebellion. As General Grant saw it.

first time in the history of the world now talked with a "foreigner."

Then, at last, he turned his face homeward. He bade good-bye to hospitable Japan and to that great Asiatic continent that had been to him, from boyhood, alike mysterious and fascinating; he said good-bye to the foreign lands he

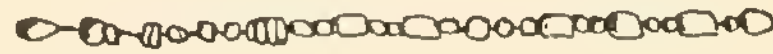
had visited and the strange sights he had seen, and, steaming across the wide Pacific, set foot again upon his native land, entering it through that splendid Golden Gate which, as a young officer in California, he had seen years before,



THE GOLDEN GATE, SAN FRANCISCO HARBOR
Through which General Grant came home to America on his return from his trip around the world.

but never dreamed that he should enter in this fashion, as the great American, homeward bound from his round of visits to the kings and queens and princes and people of the world.

But he returned as he departed, untouched by lionizing, unspoiled by fame, the simple, modest, clear-headed, practical American citizen and gentleman — just U. S. Grant, the same as ever.



CHAPTER XII.

THE OLD GENERAL'S LAST FIGHT.

ALTHOUGH vacations are welcome and rest or change is delightful, there are but few men who like to have nothing to do.

General Grant was not one of these. He liked to be occupied. His trip around the world was over, he was no longer in office or in the army, he was worth just about a hundred thousand dollars. If he could use this money wisely, he thought, he could make a good deal out of it and perhaps be worth a fortune — which would be a good thing for his family.

As you know, the general's tastes were simple. He did love fine horses, he did enjoy a good cigar; but these were his only luxuries.

He was very, very fond of his children. He wished to help them on in the world, and, after his return to America, he was anxious to do something that would occupy his mind and benefit his family.

He had been given many presents by his fellow-countrymen. They insisted on showing him how much they thought of what he had done for them and the republic. He was given a fine house in Galena, one in Philadelphia, one in Washington, and one in New York. The men who had money made him a gift of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, the interest of which — that is, the money it earns each year — was to come to him, while the whole amount was to be kept untouched for his wife and children if he should die.

He had one hundred thousand dollars of his own besides this, and the brownstone house in East Sixty-sixth street, near the Central Park, in New York, was full of presents and trophies and mementoes that had been given him by the princes and people he had visited in his journey around the world.

In 1880 the National Republican Convention met at Chicago to nominate a new president of the United States. Many of the men in that convention wished to nominate General Grant. But there was a strong opposition, not to Grant, but to allowing any man to be president of the United States more than twice.

No president had ever had a third term. Washington had stood out against it when he was asked to serve and his example has always been followed. Probably Grant would not have accepted the nomination, although he never did say anything until it was time to speak.

So the fear that the people would not like it carried the day, and another man was nominated for president. But three hundred and six of the delegates to the convention held firmly together, voting every time for General Grant.

If he had been nominated, and if he had accepted, there is no doubt that he would have been elected, for he was the greatest living American and the people were true to the man who had made almost their very existence possible.

GRANT'S HOME IN EAST SIXTY-SIXTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.
(*Here he began to write his "Memoirs."*)

He did not wish the office again; he would not have accepted it or served had he not felt that it was the will of the people. To that he always bowed obedience. It is probable, had he been elected, that he would have made a better president than ever, for his trip around the world had given him a new knowledge of men and of nations, and that experience would have aided him greatly in conducting the affairs of the republic and keeping it up to the mark alongside the rest of the world.

But, instead of a political campaign, he had another fight before him — the fiercest, most unrelenting and most desperate of any that it had ever fallen to the lot of the great soldier to face and wage.

He was sixty years old; he was healthy, wealthy and wise. The world was going well with him. His fame was at its highest. His name was honored throughout all the world. It seemed as though nothing could disturb or molest him, and yet, at one blow, the old general was struck down — wounded in the tenderest of all places — his honor — his reputation — his word.

It was this way. In 1880 he had gone into business, investing the hundred thousand dollars, of which I have told you, in the banking business in which one of his sons was a partner.

The banking business, you know, is one that deals with money, lending, using or investing it so as to get large returns and good profits. It is a very fine and high-toned business when honorably conducted. But it gives opportunity to a dishonest or bad man to harm and hurt other people, by what is called speculation.

General Grant was not an active partner in the business. He put in all his money and was to have part of the profits. He had perfect confidence in his son and his son's partner.

At first the firm made lots of money. General Grant's name, of course, gave people confidence and one of the partners was such a sharp and shrewd business man that people called him the "Napoleon of finance" — which means that he was such a good hand to manage money matters that he could conquer everything opposed to him in business, just

as Napoleon did in war. But Napoleon, you know, was defeated and utterly overthrown at Waterloo!

It was the night before Christmas in the year 1883, when General Grant, as I have told you, was feeling that everything was going finely with him, that he was well and strong and, that he was very nearly a millionaire on the profits of his banking business, that he slipped on the ice in

THE HARBOR OF NEW YORK.

front of his house and hurt one of his muscles so badly that he had to go to bed and was kept indoors for weeks. You would not think a little fall like that would be so bad, but when a man gets to be over sixty he does not get over the shock of such an accident as easily as he did when he was sixteen. From that Christmas day of 1883 General Grant was never again a well man.

Still he felt comfortable in his mind, for his affairs were prosperous, and for the first time in his life he was able to buy

what he pleased and to spend as he liked, with a good big sum in the bank.

On the morning of Tuesday, the sixth of May, 1884, General Grant was, as he thought, a millionaire. Before sunset that same day he knew that he was ruined.

The bank had failed. The "Napoleon of finance' whom everyone thought so smart a business man, had been too smart. He had speculated and lost everything.

Worse than this he had lied and stolen. He had used the name and fame of General Grant to back up wicked schemes and dishonorable transactions; he had used up all the money put into the business by General Grant and Mrs. Grant and the others who had gladly put in the money because of General Grant's name, and he had so turned and twisted and handled things that not a dollar was left in the business. General Grant and his sons were ruined; their good names apparently, were disgraced by being mixed up with the affairs and wickednesses of their bad and bold partner, who, as soon as he saw the truth was out ran away, like the thief and coward he was.

Every one was surprised. More than this, they were so startled that, for a time, even the great name of Grant seemed beclouded, and thoughtless people, cruel people, the folks who like to talk and to say things without thinking of the consequences, said mean and hateful and wicked and untruthful things about this great and noble soldier who never in his life had done a dishonorable act, or said a mean

or unkind thing, or knowingly injured a single person. It was hard, was it not?

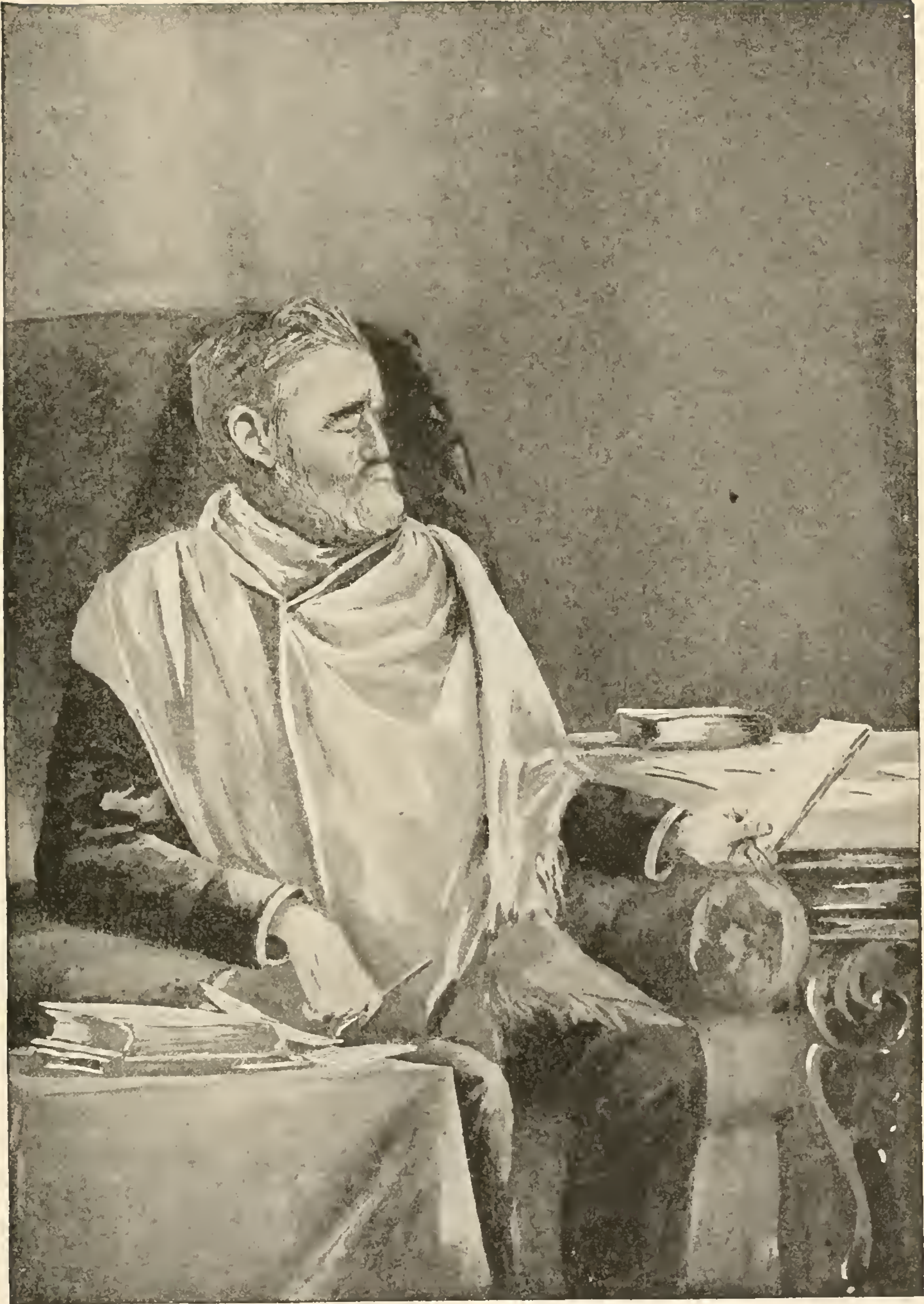
It was especially hard on such a man as General Grant. He never complained, he never spoke of the treatment to his friends; but it hurt terribly.

It made him sick. It weakened a constitution already undermined by the shock of that fall on the ice, and it developed a terrible trouble in his throat that brought him months of suffering, of torture and of agony.

Before this developed however, he had set to work to do something to earn money. For, to make a bad matter worse, something was wrong with the way the trust fund of $250,000, of which I have told you, was invested and no money could come from that for months. A great magazine wished him to tell for its readers the story of one of his battles, and, although General Grant had never tried or even thought of such a thing, he did set to work, and wrote the story of how he fought the battle of Shiloh; then he wrote another one telling how he captured Vicksburg.

It was while he was at work on these articles that the trouble in his throat developed. It grew worse and worse. The doctors could not cure it; they could hardly give him relief from the pain that came; and the first struggle with the dreadful disease was harder to stand than any battle-grip he had ever wrestled with.

At first he was discouraged. For, as he looked at the wreck of his fortune made by the dreadful business failure,



THE OLD GENERAL'S LAST FIGHT.
(Sick, almost dying, but yet determined to win, he wrote the story of his life.)

and knew that he was a sick man, no longer able to work or make his own living, the future looked very dark and he could not see how he could make things better for his wife or the boys he so dearly loved.

Then it was that he determined to write, as did Julius Cæsar, the story of his life, his battles and his campaigns. Publishers in different parts of the country, when they saw how interesting were the two articles he had published and how interested the people were in reading them, knew that his story of the war would be a very successful book and made him all sorts of offers and promises, if he would write it.

He saw a way out of his difficulties; he determined to try. Then the world saw one of the most remarkable things in all its long history—a sick man, without experience or training, deliberately sitting down to write the story of his life, fighting off death with all the might and strength of his giant will, in order to save his name from dishonor and leave something for his wife and children after the death that he knew was not far away.

In his room in the second story of that vine-covered brownstone house in Sixty-sixth street the fight went on. Now up, now down; sometimes so improved that every one, save the doctor, was full of hope; now down so low that the faltering breath nearly stopped, and only by stimulants was life bought back and death held at bay, thus he lived; and still the pencil kept going busily, whenever there was a pause in

the weakness or the pain. Writing or dictating, sometimes four, sometimes six, sometimes eight hours a day, so the months went on, until, at last, on the 9th of June, 1885, he was removed to Mount McGregor near Saratoga, in New York, and there, almost within sight of a famous field of battle and surrender in which his forefathers had joined, the fight for life and for strength to finish his work went on.

It was a tremendous effort. He had barely two months to live; but, in the eight weeks that followed the first of May, he did more work, in writing his book, than in any other eight weeks of his life. As an army in battle sometimes gathers up all its strength for a final charge or for a last stand against the foe, so the old general, weakened by disease, worried by anxiety, but determined to win, actually held death at bay until the work he had set himself to do was accomplished.

Think of it, boys and girls, for it is one of the most remarkable things that ever happened, the most heroic act in all this great soldier's wonderful career.

And the book that he wrote and completed under those fearful conditions is one of the world's notable books, while its success more than met the desires of the writer and placed his family again in comfort and security.

It was a wonderful victory.

As he lay there sick, dying, but working manfully and well, the sympathy of all the world went out to him. Friend and foe, Northerner and Southerner, American and

alien, prince and king, workingman and laborer, the high and the humble, men and women, old and young—from all these, all over the land and across the seas in the countries he had visited, came words of sympathy, of inquiry and of

THE COTTAGE ON MOUNT MCGREGOR, NEAR SARATOGA, IN WHICH GENERAL GRANT DIED.

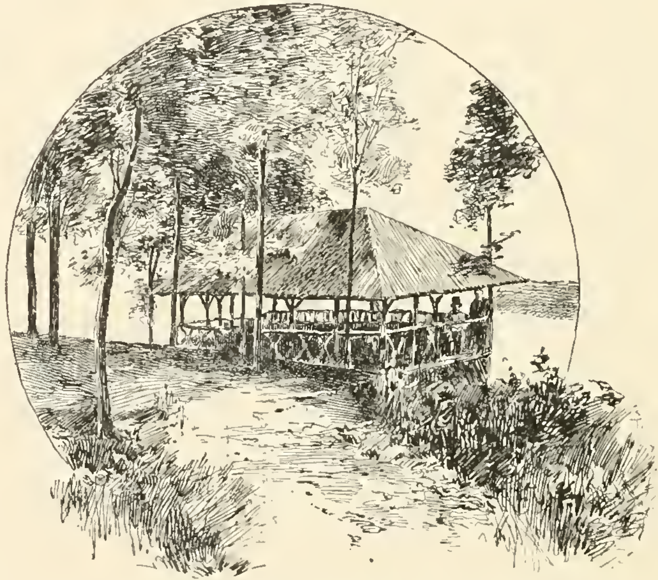
affection which showed how all the world loves and honors and reveres a real hero.

From his sick room went out this message to the world, whispered with stammering tones.

"I am very much touched and grateful for the sympathy and interest manifested in me by my friends and by those

who have not hitherto been regarded as my friends. I desire the good-will of all, whether heretofore friends or not."

At last, the work was done. The book was finished. On the first day of July, 1885, his preface was dated and signed. On the next day, silently thinking over what he had done, what he had suffered and what might still be before him, he wrote a remarkable letter to his doctors which closed in this way: "If it is within God's providence," he wrote, "that I should go now, I am ready to obey his call without a murmur — I should prefer going now to enduring my present suffering for a single day without hope of recovery. As I have stated, I am thankful for the Providential extension of my time to enable me to continue my work. I am further thankful, and in a much greater degree thankful, because it has enabled me to see for myself the happy harmony which so suddenly sprung up between those



THE OUTLOOK AT MOUNT MCGREGOR.
(*Where General Grant would be wheeled in his invalid chair to get the view he liked, over the valley.*)

engaged but a few years ago in deadly conflict. It has been an inestimable blessing to me to hear the kind expressions toward me in person from all parts of the country, from people of all nationalities, of all religions and of no religion, of Confederates and National troops alike. . . They have brought joy to my heart, if they have not affected a cure. So to you and your colleagues I acknowledge my indebtedness for having brought me through the valley of the shadow of death to enable me to witness these things."

You see, to the last, the great soldier's thoughts were all for peace. He had seen battles. He knew the horrors of war. He knew the beauty of peace.

With his work finished, his desire for life was gone. He knew what life meant — suffering. He wished release and peace. A few days longer he lingered on, then, quietly, calmly, in the cottage on the mountain top came the end. The last fight was over; the last victory had been won.

On the morning of the twenty-third of July, 1885, the tired hand dropped limply within that of the patient, faithful wife. Then the telegraph clicked; a brief message went abroad over all the earth; the flag on the White House at Washington dropped to half-mast. General Grant was dead.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHAT THE WORLD SAYS.

WITH flags at half-mast, amid tolling bells and draped houses and silent throngs of watchers, the dead general was brought from his cottage on the mountain-top to the great state capitol at Albany and then down the river to the city which had been his home.

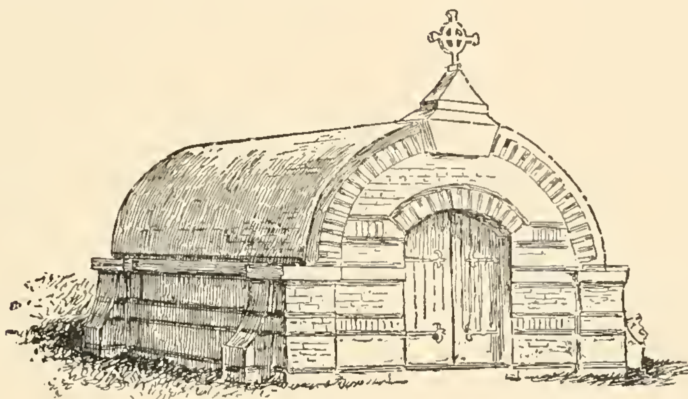
There were processions and parades, a city hung with black, a nation dotted with half-masted flags as, with the slow and measured step of many troops, the great soldier was carried to his grave on the heights above the Hudson.

There, in the temporary tomb of brick and iron, curved into a temple-like dome, the worn body was left, covered with flowers and garlanded with the memories of a grateful nation.

The president and ex-presidents of the United States, cabinet secretaries, senators, governors, generals and admirals, soldiers who wore the blue, soldiers who wore the gray, men, women and children, a vast and notable throng, escorted the dead soldier through the city streets and stood about his modest resting place on beautiful Riverside Drive.

The bugle-call sounded "taps"; again it sounded "rest"; then, from the war ship in the river below, boomed out the

farewell gun; the door of the little tomb swung shut; the great crowd melted away, and only the silent soldier and his guard of honor were left on the bluffs above the river, so green and beautiful that fair midsummer day — August the eighth, 1885.



THE TEMPORARY TOMB OF GENERAL GRANT, RIVERSIDE DRIVE, NEW YORK CITY.

And a poet wrote:

"The stars look down upon thy calm repose
  As once on tented field, on battle eve,
No clash of arms, sad heralder of woes
  Now rudely breaks the sleep God's peace enfolds, —
                                        Good night.

"Thy silence speaks and tells of honor, truth,
  Of faithful service, — generous victory, —
A nation saved. For thee a nation weeps, —
  Clasp hands again, through tears! Our leader sleeps!
                                        Good night."

And from that day to this how that great leader's fame has gone on increasing, until, to-day, the three names that all America links together as those of its greatest, noblest, worthiest sons are Washington, Lincoln, Grant — the founder.

the liberator and the savior of the Union. So, already they have been joined together on a portrait medal; so, as the years go on, will they be joined in the hearts of the American people reverencing those who served the republic.

THE VIEW ACROSS THE RIVER FROM GRANT'S TOMB AT RIVERSIDE.

We all like to know what sort of a man a really great man is.

Very much like other men you will find him to be, until some great opportunity comes to test and try him; then he rises above all his fellows — grand, impressive, monumental.

Some one has said that General Grant's greatness was made by opportunity. And this is about right.

You have read his life as here written. You know how little there was to mark him as great, in his life, from 1822, when he was born in the little Ohio village, to 1861, when he was called to duty from the leather-selling counter in the Illinois city of Galena.

Simple, modest, unambitious, caring only for his wife and family and thinking only of their welfare, finding life a hard battle, but never complaining or dreaming of surrender — so he lived for forty years; so he would have lived on to the end had not the occasion for action roused him, formed him, developed him, until he became the leader, the genius, the conqueror, the deliverer, the ruler, the hero, the man.

As a leader you have seen how he was brave as a soldier, great as a general, greater as a conqueror.

His coolness in battle was wonderful, nothing disturbed or excited him; nothing drew off his attention from the plan he was working out. His voice was seldom raised in the fierce, hoarse shout of war, and never in anger.

When a shell burst almost at his feet, in the dreadful battle of Spottsylvania, he kept on writing, never rising from the stump which he called his "headquarters," hardly looking up to see what the fuss was about, and a wounded soldier who was being carried by and saw it all said, admiringly, "Well, Ulysses don't scare a bit, does he?" There is nothing soldiers admire so much as bravery.

Once, at a lull in the great battle called the Wilderness, the wounded General Hancock sprang from the ground at the sound of distant firing and buckling on his sword called for his horse so as to ride out into battle. But Grant sat calm and unconcerned, and kept on whittling.

"Don't worry, general," he said, "It takes firing on both sides to make a battle. That's all on one side."

As a genius — you know what that is: a man to whom is given a natural gift for creating and doing things impossible to most people — Grant stands out as, beyond all others, the man of the century with a genius for success in war.

HANCOCK AND GRANT.
"Don't worry, general. That's all on one side."

Early in the struggle he saw how the war should be fought. After Donelson, so he tells us, he began to see how important was the work that Providence had marked out for him. He saw what that work was and how to do it, as did no other leader. The power was in him. It only needed the opportunity to develop it, and when that opportunity came he rose to the occasion as few other men have done in history—as no soldier has done since Napoleon. The same

AT SPOTTSYLVANIA.

"Well, Ulysses don't scare a bit, does he?"

ingenuity that led him to haul a gun into the steeple of the little church in Mexico and flank the defenders of the gate, led him to circumvent the Confederate plans and Confederate defenders at Vicksburg, to carry the day at Chattanooga and to finally make victory at the Wilderness.

When the sortie was made by the enemy at Fort Donelson and his men feared a general attack, Grant mused over a group of dead Confederates. "Their haversacks are filled," he said. "That means that they don't intend to stay here and fight us; they intend to fight their own way out. They are desperate. Now then, whichever side attacks first is certain of victory. They'll have to be pretty quick if they are going to beat me." He acted at once, and, before night, Donelson fell.

It was in emergencies like this that Grant came out strongest and in which his genius shone bright. To many he seemed slow, silent, indifferent; instead, when the supreme moment came, he was alert, prompt, decided.

But genius is displayed quite as much in persistence as in pluck. It was Grant's one great purpose to keep at it and never to give in, to fight it out on the line upon which he had resolved, to take no backward step, that brought him success and triumph. General Grant was a great soldier because he could see just what to do and just how to do it, when other leaders hesitated and experimented. He won by energy and tenacity; he saved the nation by patience, push and endurance; he attained fame by absolute persistence,

audacity, determination, unconquerable will—these were the proofs of his genius.

As a conqueror he was one of the greatest and most magnanimous that the world has known. What his sword had achieved, his generosity consummated. He conquered the enemies of the Union in war; he conquered them again in his generous terms at surrender; he conquered them yet again when he stood as their champion against persecution.

In no pride of pomp or vain glory did he receive Buckner's surrender at Donelson, Pemberton's at Vicksburg or Lee's at Appomattox. The instant these old comrades of other days were overpowered they were no longer his enemies; they were his fellow-countrymen — his friends. He thought more of his muddy boots than of his triumph as he went toward the McLean farmhouse at Appomattox to receive the surrender of Lee. He did not even wear his sword, nor did he demand that of his captive, as laid down in the laws of war. No troops paraded, no banners streamed, no triumph music sounded as the brave men in gray yielded to the men in blue. Grant had not conquered his foes; he had convinced his fellow citizens.

As a man he was the kind that the world loves to remember and talk about — loyal to his friends, forgiving to his foes, calm in the face of danger, firm in the hour of decision, modest and unassuming in his daily life, loving and tender in his home, a leader when he led, a hero when called upon to face either danger, disaster or death.

He loved children. For his own children he was ready to lay down his life. For them and for his dearly loved wife he struggled with death, writing a book that was to become famous and to make them comfortable for the future. One of the most charming pictures of Grant the man and

THE GRANT MONUMENT AT CHICAGO.
In Lincoln Park, not far from St. Gaudens' statue of Lincoln.

the father, is that given by his son, who says that when the children were young, his father was seldom away from home; he found his greatest pleasure there, and delighted in reading aloud for the benefit of his children. "I remember," says his son, "that, in this way, he read to us all of Dick-

ens' works, many of Scott's novels and other standard works of fiction. I recall the evenings when we all sat around in the family circle and enjoyed listening to these stories which pleased my father quite as much as they did the children. This reading always took place in the early part of the evening because we were sent to bed at a reasonable hour."

This is interesting, is it not; but more touching is it to know that through all the years of his duty and fame as general and president and as our greatest citizen, he wore about his neck an intertwined braid made of the hair of his wife and child, sent to him after that plucky fight with the plague in the early days at Panama, of which I have told you, and when far away from his dear ones on the Pacific coast. And when, at Mount McGregor, he gave up the long, bitter fight with pain and death, about his neck was found the same braid of twisted hair, worn there as a precious keepsake for over thirty years.

No man is perfect; all of us make mistakes and have our imperfections. No man has been more maligned or criticised or talked against than General Grant. As we look back over the years we see, now, that most of this harsh language was wrong and uncalled for. This simple, silent, honest, straightforward man was trying to do his duty, as he saw it, and in his own simple and manly fashion. If he did not do it in the way that suited every one, may not that have been the fault of his critics quite as much as of himself? There are two sides to every shield, you know.

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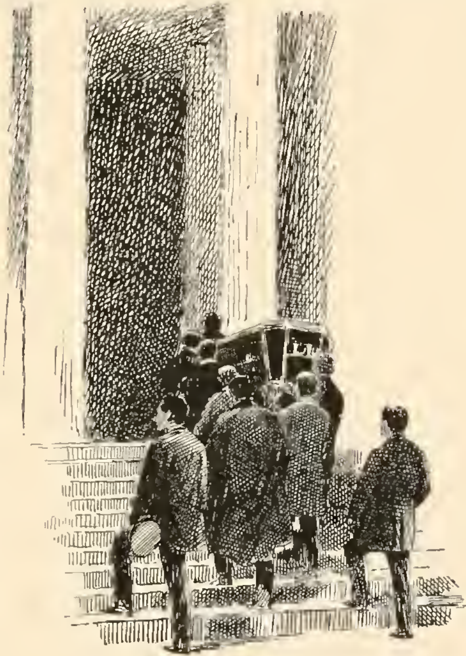
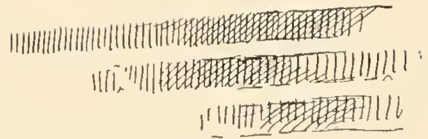
WHERE OUR HERO SLEEPS AT RIVERSIDE.

Birds eye view of the Grant mausoleum and surroundings as they will look.

The years pass on; twenty-two in all had gone since that solemn midsummer funeral procession; then, in the spring of 1897, on the April day that would have been his birthday on earth had he lived so long, the cherished remains, which had been taken from the little temporary tomb in which they had lain for nearly twelve years and deposited in a grand and glorious mausoleum, were honored with a splendid memorial ovation.





THE SECOND FUNERAL OF GRANT.
The transfer from the temporary tomb to the great mausoleum.

On the heights of Riverside, over looking the beautiful Hudson and the great and prosperous city which so reveres and honors him, the splendid monument stands a landmark for miles around. The modest, unassuming soldier who disliked show and parade, and, hated especially, to have "a fuss" made over him, received on the 22d of

April, 1897, one of the grandest ovations ever given to man.

Soldiers marched, orators spoke, the people in great and marvelous throngs assembled to pay to the dead leader new and impressive honors. But, in doing so they honored themselves. For it was because of what he did and of what he was that the world thus publicly honored him ; and, as time goes on, longer than that great gray monument shall stand above his silent dust, while the words honor, duty, courage, faith, simplicity, worth, will and loyalty mean anything, so long will the world reverence and uplift the name and fame of U. S. Grant, the greatest American soldier.

CENTRAL CIRCULATION
CHILDREN'S ROOM

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